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The Week

THE revised version of the Painlevé government will not last for more than a few months. It is merely the expedient which the radical socialist bloc has had to adopt in order to reconcile the getting rid of M. Caillaux with its own continuation in power. The soil in which the radical socialist bloc survives as a ruling group is watered by the blood of its emissaries and agents. The failure in Morocco necessitated the decapitation of General Lyautey. The failure in Syria has demanded the sacrifice of General Sarrail. The failure in Washington has deprived the French ambassador, M. Daeschner, of his official head. The impotence of M. Caillaux to restore French finance brought with it his retirement from office. But what is really being discredited by all these decapitations is not a succession of incompetent individuals but the party which was responsible for their policy. France, as the result of her disastrous victory, has assumed an array of responsibilities in Africa, Asia and Europe which her people have not economic and political energy to redeem. It was not the radical socialists who undertook the vast enterprise of French aggrandizement, but they have assumed responsibility. They cannot escape from their predicament by making Caillaux and Sarrail the goats. In the end the collapse of the French imperialist balloon will injure the prestige of the party which happens to be in power at the moment of the catastrophe.

IT is a great pity that the radical socialist combination should have to assume responsibilities for the failure of a policy which its members did not originate and which they never wholly approved. But it is not entirely unjust. When they were out of power and in opposition they did not actively resist the projects of Millerand and Poincaré, and for that reason they could not escape a share of responsibility when they assumed power. Although they have tried to diminish the scope and the cost of the French essay in imperialism, they were not in a position to repudiate it. They are, as it happens, even more implicated in its failure than are the politicians who really originated it. The outlook, consequently, for the continuation in power of the radical socialist group is dark. There is not the slightest reason to believe that Painlevé will succeed where Caillaux failed. Who then will succeed Painlevé after he has failed? What group or combination of groups will be strong enough to impose those sacrifices on the French bourgeoisie and peasantry which are necessary to extricate France from her complex and overwhelming difficulties? There does not seem to be any such combination in sight.

CAILLAUX, the "financial wizard," has failed by his "magic" to exorcise the fiscal devils threatening France. Though the reported reason for his forced departure from the cabinet is his opposition to the capital levy demanded by the Socialists, whose support is necessary for the existence of a cabinet of the Left, it must be noted that every plan of his own has met with disaster. Having condemned the Herriot government for its pretense that the budget was balanced when in reality many millions of expenses were not accounted for, he has himself failed to raise enough money to meet current outgo. His much advertised conversion loan, with interest guaranteed in gold, to meet the rapidly maturing short-term obligations of the government, has not been accepted sufficiently to raise the necessary funds.

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As a consequence of this and other miscalculations, the extra issue of currency authorized for the Bank of France on the plea that in reality it would not prove inflationary, but would merely serve to retire outstanding securities, has proved to be inflation indeed. Caillaux has failed to procure a final debt settlement with the United States, and so has failed to borrow money in America necessary to give him a breathing space for other plans. The net result of his ministry can be seen only in a further depreciation of the franc, both in internal prices and foreign exchange. His failure could scarcely be more complete, and he is fortunate to be out of the way before any more serious consequences follow.

AMERICAN friends of the League of Nations rejoice and are entitled to rejoice at the energetic and effective suppression by the Council of the League of the acts of war which were being committed on the Greco-Bulgarian frontier. For the present the turbulent Balkan states cannot be kept in order without the service of a policeman with a big stick, and it is a fortunate thing that the League exists in order to play the part. We trust that it will be as effective in adjudicating the dispute as it was in suppressing the appeal to arms. The friends of the League will expect from that organization a thorough and impartial investigation of the facts and the imposition of penalties on the real offender. We do not know whether the Greek claim for an indemnity from Bulgaria was justified or not, but Greece would not have dared to begin hostilities against Bulgaria in support of her claim, if Bulgaria had been as well armed as she was before the War. Bulgaria's comparative impotence exposed innocent Bulgarian citizens to a possibly wanton and criminal attack. If the investigation into the facts should justify the prima-facie case which the newspaper reports have already made against Greece, it is clearly the business of the League to take care that Bulgaria is indemnified.

THE attack on Damascus by the nation which was entrusted with its safety and protection by mandate of the League of Nations should stir the righteous wrath of the world. The provocative act which infuriated the populace was of the sort which propaganda attributed to the Germans during the War, and which we have just now begun to regard as myths of hate. At the very time when the British propagandist, General Charteris, was explaining to the National Arts Club in New York how, by shifting the titles of two photographs, he set in motion the cruel story that the Germans used the bodies of their own dead in industry, the French were actually treating the bodies of dead enemies in more atrocious fashion, tying them to camels to be drawn through the streets with the grotesque indecency which such a funeral entails. When the populace rose, the French, after warning and withdrawing to safety their own nationals, bombarded the city with artillery and airplanes and sent tanks careering through the streets and bazaars, firing indiscriminately into crowds and houses. The world was aghast at the ruin of the cathedral of Rheims, but at least this was not an act of pure wantonness without the excuse of military necessity. The French have wrecked mosques and palaces, monuments of an art as precious as the Gothic, and of which fewer examples remain. They followed the worst traditions of the late War in exacting the payment of £100,000 gold from the city as ransom from further destruction. It will be said that this atrocity is not to be charged against the French people or government, but solely to the account of General Sarrail. Mr. J. L. Garvin in the London Observer thinks that the republic is as indignant concerning the bombardment as was the bulk of British opinion concerning Amritsar. The French have one way of proving this. Will they visit on General Sarrail the disgrace which he deserves, or will they make themselves his accomplices after the fact, as the British did in the case of General Dyer of Amritsar, by granting him honorable retirement, a pension, and a fortune raised by public subscription?

THE case of Syria is one more clear and damning instance of broken faith on the part of the nations concerned in the Treaty of Versailles. The New York World has performed a fine piece of journalism in an editorial of October 29 by giving categorically the engagements to Syria, and the reaction of Syria to their withdrawal. In the first place during the War, France and Great Britain specifically promised to the people of Syria along with those of Palestine and Mesopotamia their full political freedom.

> The aim which France and Great Britain have in view in prosecuting in the East the war let loose by German ambition is the complete and final liberation of the peoples so long oppressed by the Turks and the establishment of National governments and administration deriving their authority from the initiative and free choice of the native populations.

They further explicitly promised to recognize such national governments as soon as they were effectively established. In defiance of this pledge the French marched to Damascus and overthrew the first Syrian government under King Feisul. The British did nothing about it. When the Peace Conference was in session, a committee consisting of ex-minister Crane and President King of Oberlin College visited Syria and reported that they found "practical unanimity for the independence of United Syria" and particularly strong feeling against a French mandate. In spite of this the French were given their mandate under the League of Nations.

WHAT the French have done since is thus summarized in The World's editorial.

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> They have fought to stay there. They could not even establish their first Governor General in Damascus without fighting their way to that city. This was in July 1920. Gen. Gouraud's first official act was to fine his capital city 10,000,000 francs . . . Since then there have followed successively a native uprising in March 1921; a native appeal to the League of Nations in August 1921; rioting in Damascus in April 1922, with lives lost and martial law proclaimed; another Syrian appeal to the League in May 1922; a new war in August 1922, with more troops despatched from France; another appeal to the powers in November 1922; heavy French reinforcements sent to Syria, in April 1923; boycott of French elections by the Syrians in September 1923; a new war again in April 1924; riots in Damascus in April 1925; another war begun in August 1925, with French planes bombing native villages; "Martial law for fifteen years" proclaimed by the French in October 1925; oppressive measures increasingly severe and following one another in a hopeless circle; casualties gradually mounting to 6,626 on the French side and nobody knows how many on the Arab side; and now this "parade of corpses" through Damascus—dead Arabs strapped to camels—followed by fresh uprising, a cordon drawn around a rebellious quarter, guns turned loose and disaster on a major scale.

EXPERTS," says a press dispatch, "experts who have studied the question of population growth painted a roseate picture of the future of New York at a dinner of the American Statistical Association." Roseate? A population of two million in ten years? A million in twenty years? Nothing of the sort. Perhaps the roseate-viewed statisticians are ironical, but at any rate they predict 11,880,000 at the end of the century, and add that the maximum, the ultimate ultimate maximum, is 36,000,000. The estimates must be right, for they "were arrived at after study of all possible aids to accuracy and even by the use of algebraic formula." What the experts say might come true. At all events not much is being done to pare New York down to habitable size. It is not the business of statisticians to plan the size of cities, only to predict them, but we detect something roseate and boastful on the faces of these statisticians which we do not like. They really would like to see a city of 36,000,000. We don't believe they have ever lived here.

THESE same statisticians, after a probably excellent dinner, enlarged upon the numerical future of the United States. "We can develop our agricultural resources to support 250,000,000 people. . . . If, in addition, we changed our diet to that of Germany before the War, we could support 500,000,000." This, dear statisticians, is a pipe-dream. We may reach half a billion, but never by voluntary resort to anything less than our present diet. If the statisticians' dinner had been composed of the average German diet of before the War, they hardly would have felt like talking in so many bigger and better millions after it.

PROBABLY for the first time, our hats are off to the Ad-Man. Two thousand poster advertisers met in Kansas City the other day and pledged themselves to a line of conduct which we applaud in advance. These two thousand, organized as the Outdoor Advertising Association of America, a merger of older organizations, control most of the poster, paint and electrical display advertising in this country. They are therefore responsible for the bulk of the huge billboards which have distracted the attention of tourists from nature and fastened it upon A Thousand Rooms—A Thousand Baths, No Metal can Touch you, and Four Out of Every Five. But the poster men are going to reform. Unanimously they have adopted a program which within five years is to eliminate hideous advertising from natural beauty spots. This program will cost them several million dollars. It is not an easy decision to make. It ought never to have been necessary. Nevertheless we congratulate them on doing something we had thought so contrary to their nature.

THE Board of Education of Minneapolis has embarked upon an interesting experiment. Believing that development of character is the chief purpose of education, the Board has eliminated in one of its schools the good old rating system which marked pupils in arithmetic, history, spelling, geography. From now on the public and important rating of the children will be in industry, honesty, judgment, punctuality and deportment. They will come to feel that their behavior, and not how much they can keep in their heads, is the first consideration. There is much to be said for thus shifting the emphasis, so long as the experiment is founded on a recognition of the differences among children rather than a desire to make them conform to a standard type of character. The traits of character picked out—honesty, punctuality, obedience, are, we fear, more calculated to relieve the teacher than to benefit the child. For these are disciplinary virtues, and seem to show a preference for good little children quiet at their desks rather than for the more difficult attainments of self-reliance, courage, individuality. What may be desirable in a pupil is not always good for the child. And schools still regard children as pupils.

MR. FORD'S remarks on things in general, and bigotry and secret organizations in particular, are obviously without the collaboration of a Welliver. The organizations he talked about are the Klan, the Masons, the Knights of Columbus, and others like them. He believes that most of them "are organized by Wall Street, just as coal strikes are . . . I don't care which side of the question they take, they have no place in America. That goes for labor unions too; they also are organized and used by Wall Street." We have often wondered what this mysterious Wall Street, this cloven-hoofed bogey

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man did in his spare time, and now we know; organizing things he doesn't like, just for fun. When capitalists get too old to play golf, they go out and organize a labor union.

THE election in Canada has resulted in the return of 117 Conservatives, 100 Liberals, and 23 Progressives. The last were all chosen from the three prairie provinces, and the early disappearance of their party from the political scene is clearly forecast. Meanwhile this party holds the balance of power in the next House. They would naturally line up with the Liberals. Evidently Premier King expects this and purposes to meet Parliament next month with a bipartisan majority of six to ten. The morale of the Progressive bloc however is apparently so low that a despatch to the Times prophesies their combination with the Conservatives to secure a longer life to the present Parliament and a longer tenure of their own seats. In any case it would seem that the Conservative reaction is the chief note of the election, and that the return of the Conservative party to power cannot long be delayed.

THE success of the Foreign Policy Association of New York, has resulted in the formation of similar groups in other cities, until now the Association is a national one. Its objects are to promote public discussion of American foreign policy, and to bring home to Americans their interest in the improvement of relations among nations the world over. In the pursuit of this end the Association has organized seven sections dealing with different portions of the world, each under direction of an expert, to collect data, engage in research and put the results in form for use by study groups, readers, editors, etc. Bulletins will be published more frequently, corresponding to the studies of the international opium situation and the traffic in arms already issued. The next subjects to be treated are the Mosul boundary dispute and the Security Pact. The educational effort of the Association is one of the most valuable ever undertaken in this country, and its results in spreading interest and information on vital subjects are of increasing importance.

America As a Millionaire Factory

IT is about five years since Secretary Mellon began his agitation against high federal super-taxes on large incomes. He has asked two Congresses to reduce those super-taxes by substantial percentages. Both Congresses reduced them somewhat, but not as much as he proposed. Although the legislators are supposed to have frustrated his proposals, they have nevertheless already lowered the higher percentages by something over a third. The millionaires have fared better than their poorer fellow tax-payers. During the coming session of Congress he will certainly be rewarded by a still larger measure of success. He has worn away the lukewarm resistance of the Democratic party, and it is probable that the new tax legislation will scale the highest percentage down from forty to not more than twenty. Some suc haction is the natural consequence of the election of Mr. Coolidge to the Presidency by an overwhelming majority.

Ever since the agitation to reduce the super-taxes started, the arguments which have been used for and against reduction have been almost exclusively economic. Mr. Mellon has urged that high rates provoke evasion and tend to divert capital from active business into tax-exempt securities. His opponents have challenged his statement and interpretation of the facts and have pointed out that capital invested in tax-exempt securities is not precisely an economic waste. But there has been very little discussion of the social consequences either of high super-taxes or of their repeal. Mr. Mellon has not contended that, irrespective of their economic drawbacks, they were an example of unfair and undesirable class legislation. His opponents have not insisted that they were socially beneficial and should be retained even though their repeal might have certain economic advantages. Yet in both cases their attitudes toward the super-taxes were undoubtedly dictated largely by a belief or a disbelief in their effect on what was considered to be a socially desirable distribution of wealth.

In the future, however, the social significance both of the super-taxes and of their repeal should receive much more attention than it has received in the past. The proposal to reduce the super-tax on incomes of $500,000 and over to twenty percent involves a fundamental question of social policy which the smaller reductions of the past did not involve. A super-tax of sixty or even forty percent was a fairly effective preventive, not so much against the accumulation of large fortunes, as against the irresistible tendency of very large fortunes to grow larger. But a super-tax of twenty plus a normal tax of five or six percent will cease to have any substantial effect of that kind. Fortunes which are so very large that their possessors cannot possibly spend their income, will again begin to accumulate almost irrespective of the will and the business ability of their possessors. It is this result that the Congress and the people of the United States under the leadership of President Coolidge and Mr. Mellon are deliberately planning to bring about.

The very high super-taxes were, of course, imposed as a war measure. If the United States had not entered the War and had not needed an enormously increased income from taxation, the experiment of taking away a huge percentage of the income from big fortunes or from expanding and extremely profitable businesses would not have been tried in our time. Yet when it was tried, it was not

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unwelcome to a large and influential section of American public opinion. Mr. Roosevelt and his progressive associates had linked the agitation against unregulated corporate power with the agitation against the indefinite growth of big fortunes; and Mr. Bryan's influence in the Democratic party had been exerted along a similar line. The federal income tax amendment had been urged and accepted partly for the purpose of vesting in Congress the power of regulating the distribution of wealth by the imposition of graduated income taxes. Although, consequently, super-taxes which almost confiscated incomes above a certain level would not have been possible except under the pressure of a war emergency, they stood to a certain extent upon their own legs. By imposing them the American government was in effect trying out an important social experiment for which public opinion had been prepared by twenty years of popular agitation. It was testing what the economic and social effects would be of a graduated income tax so high in its upper brackets that it discouraged, if it did not wholly prevent, large fortunes from irresistibly accumulating.

Under Mr. Mellon's leadership Congress is now going to abandon this experiment. Yet its effects both economically and socially have been, so far as we can see, almost wholly beneficial. Assuming that the government needs the income which it now derives from this source, the super-taxes seem to be the most advantageous way of collecting the money. The economic objections to them have been frequently examined in the New Republic and were, we believe, finally disposed of by Prof. Patterson in our last issue. In spite of these taxes American business has accumulated capital since the Armistice in unprecedented volume—so much so that it is difficult to find investments for the surplus even during a period of active business. In so far as the super-taxes discourage consumption, they affect only luxurious and wasteful consumption. In so far as they affect the accumulation of capital, they for the most part discourage those investors to whom the larger accumulation is convertible into an increase of personal power. There is no evidence that by imposing high super-taxes the American nation suffers any economic and social disadvantages.

On the other hand the United States has, since the super-taxes were imposed, enjoyed a wider and more wholesome distribution of wealth than it previously did. The outstanding development in American social economics since the War has been the enormous multiplication of small fortunes and small independent incomes. One cannot attribute this phenomenon exclusively to the effect of the super-taxes, but they have had a great deal to do with it. If the money collected from the super-tax-payers had been levied on the smaller income tax-payers, it would have meant a heavy increase of their burdens and a considerable diminution both in the volume of the goods which they consumed and in the amount of capital which they saved. But there is another aspect to the matter which is even more important. The fact that this money was collected from the very rich rather than from the smaller income tax-payers has during the last six or seven years retarded the growth of large fortunes in the United States. Of course it has still been possible to pile millions upon millions and there have been many cases of that kind, but on the whole the growth of multi-millionaires has not, as the income tax returns indicate, kept pace with the general increase in wealth of the community. In so far as the ownership of capital brings with it power, the super-taxes have apparently tended to distribute rather than concentrate economic power.

Their practical repeal, which is now impending, will profoundly modify this prevailing tendency. Fortunes which are already large will again begin an irresistible process of aggrandizement. The emancipation of these fortunes from the restrictions of the super-taxes will coincide with a revival under different conditions of the practice of business consolidation and organization on a larger scale. There will be opportunities for huge and quick profits in connection with the technical improvements in the production, the distribution and the corporate management of electrical power. Within five or ten years America will rejoice in a new crop of multi-millionaires who will exercise an amount of ineffectively regulated economic power which in its own sphere will equal that which was formerly exercised by the railroad and steel magnates. By perfecting the now popular device of concentrating the control of the corporations in one minor class of stock which they themselves own, they can preside over the destinies of vast businesses without tying up very much of their own capital in any single enterprise. The net result will be an organization of American industry into large productive and distributing units whose policy will be directed in their own interest by a comparatively small number of closely affiliated millionaires and banking houses. The most flourishing crop that the soil of America then produces will be multi-millionaires.

An income of $300,000 a year or over involves the moral and social drawback of a purchasing power which is incongruous with any wholesome general standard of living. Its owner cannot spend it without waste. When it exceeds $300,000 he often cannot spend it even if he arranges his whole life so as to spend as wastefully as possible. One of two results happens. Either he begins systematically to give it away, as so many benevolent millionaires have done, or else it accumulates with irresistible momentum. If, for instance, Mr. Rockefeller had not given his income away and if he could have escaped the super-taxes, the amount of his income might at present have been somewhere between $50,000,000 and $100,000,000 a year and his capital might be increasing at that rate. The figures are fantastic and preposterous. Neither is

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the giving of the money away a sufficient answer. There are manifest limits to the desirability of the private subsidizing even of good causes, and in any event the new millionaires will, it is probable, be less disposed to philanthropic generosity than those of the present and the past. If they give at all, they will give less trustfully and attach more conditions to the spending of their gifts. Yet if they do not give, their fortunes will grow inexorably and prodigiously. When the accumulations reach a certain magnitude, they carry with them an amount of power over other lives and responsibility for them which exceeds that which one man can wholesomely assume. Exceptional men like Henry Ford can carry it for a while, but ultimately they either break down under the burden and become inefficient or else they become drunk with power. There is no health in it either for themselves or society.

The motive which prompts Mr. Mellon's agitation in favor of the reduction of the super-taxes and the repeal of the federal estate taxes is his belief in the social desirability of increasing the economic power now exercised by millionaires. He wishes the government to abandon a policy which impairs their investment surplus. But this is precisely the result which the friends of an equalitarian democracy and a more moralized economic system should most dread. The merely wasteful millionaire is not an edifying object, but he does not pretend to be. He serves the same function as the bad baronet in British fiction. Millionaires who give their incomes away are usually admirable individuals, particularly when they give their own interest and energy with their money, but their benefactions are exposed to the disadvantages of all paternalistic enterprises. It is the millionaires who save and reinvest their incomes and who insist like good husbandmen in controlling the corporations in which they invest—it is these conscientious capitalists who are by way of becoming the real public enemies. For their chosen method of benefiting themselves involves a grave danger to a democratic commonwealth. It concentrates in the hands of one person an amount of power which is usually demoralizing to its possessor and to the community no matter whether it is well or ill used. Power of this kind, which derives its moral effect from the exclusiveness inherent in private property, can be wholesomely shared only by being renounced.

Americans are indifferent to this danger at present. The most influential of them all wish to become millionaires themselves. There is no body of hostile public in this country which is sufficiently alert and powerful to check the completion of the great American millionaire factory. This result will take place even if the super-taxes are not reduced. But it will be accelerated by the repeal of the super-taxes, and it will then have been consciously and deliberately encouraged by the national government. The government had, so it happened, already embarked on a policy which implied on its part the assumption of an express responsibility for a more equalitarian distribution of wealth. That policy is now being abandoned. The representatives of the American nation are making a humiliating concession to irresponsible, powerful and aggressive private interests. They are renouncing one of the few intelligent efforts their predecessors had started to guide the national economic development. The future of democracy in America depends upon the reconciliation of individual and class liberties with some measure of equality and with a tolerable balance of power among the classes. During the past two generations the liberties which individual Americans have enjoyed by virtue of the constitutional guarantees of private property and of a national economic policy which stimulated the accumulation of economic power in a few hands, have gradually undermined the former balance of power among the classes and former equality of opportunity and condition among individual citizens. The recovery of the earlier equality or of something equivalent to it is the all-important practical problem of American social policy, and if the high super-taxes were retained, their preservation would make only a partial contribution to its solution. But the act would at least be an earnest pledge of good faith—the proof of an alert public consciousness that the problem exists and that the national government is not indifferent to it.

Satraps of Industry

PROFESSOR William Z. Ripley of Harvard is not an alarmist. His recent address on the menace of irresponsible control of industry before the Academy of Political Science in New York deserves to create a sensation. Mr. Ripley outlined three post-war developments of corporate practice which so change the nature of capitalism that they must indeed give pause to any honest observer who has been brought up on the traditional apology for the existing economic order.

What is the essence of this apology? It may roughly be stated as follows: Through competition the more efficient survive and prosper. The successful and the thrifty save by exercising skill and undergoing sacrifices. They invest their savings in productive enterprises, taking risk of loss in consideration of possible profit. Their stake in their holdings causes them to use care in management. They are also responsible for the public decency of their actions. It is admitted that a certain amount of inequality and waste is incidental to this process, but the net result is that society gains through the stimulus to enterprise and saving, through the survival of the efficient, and through the responsibility of owners for management. Some such set of assumptions must have lain at the bottom of Mr. Ripley's mind when he looked out over what has been happening since the War.

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What he saw did not fit the outline at all. A successful business or group of businesses is bought out by bankers or financiers. We say "bought"—in reality the buyers pay, not out of their savings, but by new security issues exchanged with the owners and sold to the general public. This simultaneous purchase and sale usually leaves the bankers a handsome profit. But does the matter end there, the property having been transferred from one set to another, the promoters of the sale having stepped out with their commission like so many real estate brokers? By no means. The securities which have financed the purchase represent only partial ownership. Although they have been sold for enough to pay the full price for the property, they consist of bonds or preferred stock or Class A or Class B common stock—which have fixed rates of return and no voting rights. A new and separate block of common stock is issued which retains the right to future gains and the right of control. It has been manufactured by the promoters—it represents no sacrifice or saving. This stock may be held by the promoters, or it may be sold for speculative purposes. The result is that the control of the business usually rests with persons who have not built it up, who know nothing about its technique, whose skill consists chiefly in disposing of securities or in speculating on the stock exchange. The control and the right of benefit from swelling profits remain with those who have not saved or sacrificed one cent, who have no stake to lose, who are totally irresponsible to investors, consumers and labor. The result is an increasing concentration of economic power, of the wealth arising from the nation's growth and the elaboration of technique, not in the hands of the several prudent and efficient competitors in industry, but in the hands of the successful competitors in the money market and in the arts of security flotation.

The second tendency pointed out by Professor Ripley is the wide distribution of small stock holdings among employes and investors of moderate income. This has been hailed by the propagandists of big business as a genuine democratization of industry—as if the individual ownership of a few shares of stock carried any real power of management! As a matter of fact the consequence is just the reverse. The more widely the majority of the stock is scattered, the more inevitable is control on the part of the few large holders. Separated individual stockholders, far removed from the back office, cannot as stockholders get together or exercise any informed power over corporate management. Far from removing the need for labor organization or public supervision, this development increases it. It is an ingenious and dangerous flim-flam which should not long deceive us.

The third development had begun before the War, but had not been carried so far as today. This is the rise of intermediaries between the industrial concern and the individual investor—savings banks, insurance companies, investment trusts, holding companies, banking trusteeships and the like. Innocent and necessary enough in themselves for the most part, these devices for collecting the resources of individual savers and utilizing them in large investments increase the separation between management and owner, and tend to concentrate control in the hands of those who assume little or no risk. An enormous part of the national savings is now managed in this way. This fact alone pretty thoroughly upsets the traditional economic theory of responsible ownership.

Professor Ripley's observations would have justified some radical conclusions, but he contented himself with a recommendation for standardization and publicity of corporate accounting, under a renovated federal trade commission. This would at least furnish investors and others with information about their financial interests. If successful, it would reveal whether profits were actually being made or not, and if made whether they were being concealed in inflated depreciation or reserve accounts. It might interfere with undue watering of securities and the diversion of gains to those who have no right to them. But why a new agency for this purpose? Why not provide for complete publicity of corporate income tax returns—instead of abolishing publicity altogether as the administration now proposes—thus furnishing a double check for individual investors and tax authorities?

The recommendation for publicity is good so far as it goes, but it raises more searching questions than Mr. Ripley has asked. How could the individual investors use information if they had it? And what machinery could active management, labor and consumers employ for asserting their rights in the premises? Mr. Ripley assumes that irresponsible power is bound to be abused. Would information alone make that power responsible? Or shall we not need new devices of industrial administration itself, with proper adjustment of the functions of management, workers and owners, and the elimination of those without a real stake in industry?

The Blue-Eyed Stranger

THE state of things in America reached a serious point the other day with the kidnaping of J. Lincoln Laffan. Mr. Laffan was about to be married to his future wife at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Irvington, N. Y., and she was waiting for him there. But he didn't turn up. Instead, they found him in a hospital. Where he told all who cared to hear that another automobile had crowded him into the ditch as he was on his way, that two masked men had jumped on him, that one of them, with the words, "You will never marry the girl," had leveled a pistol at his head, chloroformed him and left him for dead with a note pinned on to the rear seat (of the automobile) read-

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ing, "You will never marry the girl I love," and signed "Unknown Lover."

"But Mr. and Mrs. Laffan [says the newspaper] are not worrying much about the matter now, for as in all good melodramas the villain was foiled and the hero and heroine are happily married."

The implications of this simple little idyl are more momentous than might at first glance seem possible. Stripped to its essentials, the story of J. Lincoln Laffan substantiates our worst fears about the secret influence of the movies. For years we, and all equally intelligent people, have been deploring the prevalence, in the movies, of the happy ending, not because we disliked happy endings as such, but because they struck us as untrue to life. We demanded of the movies, curiously enough, a certain resemblance to life. The movies, much to our annoyance, paid no attention whatever. At least, so it seemed. But as a matter of fact, in spite of their stony silence, the movie people, who are profoundly sensitive, were deeply wounded by our taunt that their stories were all untrue to life. They felt a violent urge, which they successfully concealed, to do something about it. But what? Obviously they could not shift the industry from happy to unhappy endings, or they would soon be back in the street or the vest button factory where they started. The only course open to them was to change life so that it could no longer be said that happy endings were a misrepresentation of it. With formidable skill and cunning they set about directing the current of daily events to conform to the unalterable happy endings. For a while they worked in such unsensational media as lower death rates and less virulent typhoid. But at last, in the happy adventure of J. Lincoln Laffan, they have shown that their apprenticeship is past. Life is no longer what it was in the good old days. It's going to have happier and happier endings every day. Gradually our criticism will be proven false, until in time we can regain our lost prestige by showing how utterly untrue to life all sad endings are.

While she sleeps, two forces are wrestling for America—happiness and unhappiness. The happy, happy movie people have a long start, but since their zeal springs from mercenary motives, and ours from spiritual, in the end we shall prevail. Unhappy endings shall not perish from the earth, for with them would disappear all the bitterness of life which alone defines its sweetness. To this end we have founded a small secret society widely known as The Blue-Eyed Stranger's Association. Our rock and constitution is a certain anecdote which, we like to believe, has vastly more foundation in fact than any one cares to admit.

* * *

Once upon a time, in a wild western mining town, lived a bar and its barkeep. The bar was the dingiest and dirtiest west of the Mississippi and the barkeep was the ugliest customer in the whole wide world.

One fine day a young man came into the bar. He was tall and strong, with fair hair, and a far-away look in his great blue eyes. Some say he was a Yale man, but that is a technicality.

"Howdy, stranger," said the barkeep. But the young man with the blue eyes said never a word.

"Howdy, stranger, have a drink," said the barkeep, glowering. But the young man with the blue eyes only took from his hip-pocket a little white lily cup and filled it with cold, cold water, and said never a word.

"Come on, stranger, have one on the house," said the barkeep, who was the ugliest customer in the whole wide world, but the young man with the blue eyes only refilled his lily cup and said never a word.

"—— ——* you stranger, have a —— ——* drink," said the barkeep, who was frothing at the mouth with rage. But the young man with the blue eyes said never a word.

"You —— ——* blue-eyed stranger, have a drink or I'll jump over the bar and wipe up the floor with your yellow hair," said the barkeep.

But the blue-eyed stranger said never a word, so the barkeep jumped over the bar and wiped up the floor with his yellow hair.

* * *

What better antidote for the swelling tide of happy endings could there be than this? Never were so many illusions destroyed all at once, never were so many premonitions of a happy ending utterly unfounded. He lies still on the barroom floor, the blue-eyed stranger, and we must erect eternal monuments to his humiliation. We must go out into the world and plod wearily from town to town and suburb to suburb spreading the fable. And as we tell it, hearty, laughter-loving families will sicken and faint away. They will rally, but the vision of those blue eyes, the memory of that blighted lily-cup, will remain with them forever. So, even at the expense of human misery, will we keep alive the great tradition that man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward, in defiance of all the efforts of the movie people to prove the opposite.

* New members are requested to fill in these blanks.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Is China a Nation or a Market?

IF it were not a fact and a fact of a kind more or less familiar, the Conference now in solemn conclave in Peking would be incredible. The orthodox axiom of all "sound political science" is national sovereignty; in practice no phase of political independence is more jealously guarded than the right to control taxation and to levy tariffs, whether for revenue or for the rearing of infant industries. In session in Peking are representatives of the three great democracies of the world, Great Britain, the United States and France, each professing unqualified faith in the right of independent nations to self-government. In addition there is a wide-spread hostility to everything which smacks of "internationalism"; for are not the "Reds" internationalists, and are not the Reds a menace? From these premises, one would hardly conclude that the Conference in Peking sits an international assembly held to take part in governing China; that it arrogates to itself one of the most "sacred" functions of sovereignty, that of fixing the tariff on foreign goods, and that it has no notion of yielding any more to the expressed desire and purpose of China concerning its own affairs than it shall find necessary in order to avoid serious trouble.

It is doubtless highly theoretical to call attention to such flagrant discrepancies between political theory and practice. Nevertheless it may be one way to induce the American public to visualize the Chinese scene, and to realize that the State department of the United States has soon to decide whether it will continue to engage in the regulation of the internal affairs of China, contrary to the practically united will of the Chinese people, or whether it will have the courage and initiative to act in not merely a democratic but a decent way in permitting financial self-government to the Chinese government. There is no reason to doubt the kind sentiments of the State department; in all probability it means well by China, and its expressions of goodwill are not hypocritical camouflage. But the department is influenced by precedent, by routine, by the etiquette of diplomacy which might more easily fear a breach of manners toward other nations than a breach of justice towards China. And it is also exposed to direct and more or less powerful influence from business interests that want in behalf of their own pockets to keep the tariff of China on foreign goods at the lowest possible point. Is it too much to hope that the general public shall have an active concern in the decisions which are to be made, and shall bring greater pressure to bear upon the State department to act in a fair, humane and democratic way, than self-interest and hidden groups bring to bear in the opposite direction? It is futile to lecture the general public on its responsibilities in this matter; it is fed up with foreign responsibilities and wants to be left alone. But it may do no harm to assert with all possible emphasis that in China at present the American people is on trial, and that the attitude taken toward tariff autonomy by the United States will determine for long years the attitude taken by the Chinese towards us. Are our professions of goodwill to China sincere? Are our assertions of greater disinterestedness than animates other nations genuine? Or are they a combination of Pharisaism, sentimentality and highfaluting talk? That is the issue in the minds of most Chinese, and the way the American people meets the tariff question may determine for a generation the moral and political alignment of the Chinese people to western civilization in general and to American ideas and institutions in particular.

Needless to say the illogical position of interference of democratic nations, themselves highly nationalistic, and mostly addicted to protective tariffs, with the internal affairs of China grew up gradually for historic reasons, and so was tolerated until it became familiar and a vested interest. At the outset, the Chinese people were indifferent, and it is almost correct to say that the Chinese government invited the interference. In the past, it has not worked altogether badly; considerable good came of it. If international conferences to help regulate the affairs of individual nations were the rule and not an exception confined to countries so weak that they can be safely meddled with, there might even be something to say for continuing the practice in China. But the past is not the present, and present China is bent upon a radical break with the past in all that concerns its own management of its own affairs. The danger is that diplomats will not face the reality and extent of this change, and will palter, compromise, truckle over details, do as little as they possibly can, and trust to future events to be able to get away with their evasion of the issue. It is not too much to say that unless the International Conference takes action which looks in a definite and stated way towards the resumption of Chinese tariff autonomy, not at some vague future time when all shall be well with the government of China but at a specified date under specified conditions, public opinion in China will force any Chinese government that may exist to resume tariff autonomy in defiance of the powers, and that at no distant date. To put the matter at its lowest level, it might be as well to make a virtue of necessity, and by anticipating events get the credit for a just and sensible act.

It is understood that the powers are willing to permit China to level duties up to ten or fifteen percent. Japan is reported to have sprung a surprise by volunteering at the first meeting to agree to a

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raise up to twelve and a half percent. One feels helpless to comment adequately upon the situation. If the imagination will only work and think of a similar conference called to pass upon the affairs of France or Italy, or the United States, or even of a third-rate European power, there will be no need for any comment; a sense of the indignation and resentment of an awakened China and of the danger of giving cause for its continued growth, will take care of the affair. But it is more than the amount of tariff which China is to be permitted to levy that is under consideration. It is also proposed to decide for China what China shall do with the moneys when they are raised. There is a story that the assent of Japan to the American proposal of a Conference was secured by a tacit agreement that the United States would join in urging that the added funds be employed to pay off the Nishahara loans by Japan. The story may well be false—but it may also have a grain of fact in it. Doubtless China should meet her foreign obligations. But in view of the fact that these loans were made at a time when the Anfu pro-Japanese party was in power at Peking and are universally regarded as part of the betrayal of China to foreign interests, it is obvious that the popularity and prestige of the Conference will not be increased by any such proposals. And this situation illustrates the danger which now attends upon every pretension of foreign powers to decide China's domestic affairs for her. Some decisions as to the use to be made by China of additional funds would be less unpopular than some others, but any attempt to decide and to enforce decision, anything more than advice which in the present entangled condition of Chinese finance is legitimate, will surely make trouble instead of alleviating an already troubled situation.

It is trite to say that in the present condition of the world nations can no longer do the sort of thing which once they did as a matter of course and with impunity. But that trite fact is the essence of the Chinese situation. The only question is whether it is to be recognized only by small bits, grudgingly, and by yielding to trouble after it has broken out, or whether it will be recognized at once in its full force and whole-heartedly. If the United States shows a disposition to compromise, to postpone, to take half steps and quarter steps, to evade, to depend upon time-honored formulæ that have nothing to do with the present situation, the case, difficult enough at best as between the powers, is lost in advance. If it leads with a definite and thoroughgoing policy of which financial autonomy for China is a central feature, something definite will be accomplished.

The American public should bear in mind that there is no question of even what is called national honor and prestige at stake. There is only a vested interest. Reduced to its lowest terms, the question for American citizens to form a judgment upon is whether they wish the power of the United States government to be used to promote, at the expense of China and of the good relations of China and the United States, the pecuniary interests of a small group of manufacturers, merchants, commission agents and exporters. They are doubtless all enthusiastic high-tariff men at home, but they want to retain a cheap and easy hold on Chinese markets by keeping down the rate of duty. At bottom, this is what the solemn and dignified International Conference at Peking is about, in spite of the fact that it is possible to overlay this ground-work with many important but irrelevant matters. The issue is simple enough so that even a people sick of foreign questions and policies should be able to pass upon it, and do so with promptness and efficacy. Do we wish China to be treated as a free and self-respecting people should be treated or as a market upon which to dump goods for the pecuniary profit of a small number? JOHN DEWEY.

Yankee Doodle Economics

ECONOMICS as a science should know nothing of national boundaries. It is not a pure science, as yet, and few are the works that do not show traces of their national origin. America, as the newest and most self-conscious of the great nations, has been distinguished by the stridently nationalistic character of its economic writing. We may recall Henry C. Carey, appealing to the progress of settlement of the Ohio Valley as a refutation of the Ricardian theory of rent; Henry George, setting up the vast American areas held out of use by the excesses of landownership as an answer to the Malthusian doctrine of population; Simon N. Patten, eager to dispute any dismal conclusion of the Old World economists. In his latest book entitled The Present Economic Revolution in the United States, Professor Carver is adventuring for a place in this series of native American economists. The premise of separate economic classes, one consisting of those who labor and the other of employing property owners, is the object of his attack. There are no substantial class distinctions in America, he argues; or if there are, it is a transitory matter, a result of immigration, now happily curbed. The laborers are becoming capitalists and the capitalists laborers. That is the economic revolution which is taking place in the United States today, "The only revolution worth a hill of beans."

The proofs? Professor Carver presents a formidable array of facts on the increasing financial power of labor. Deposits in savings institutions, of which a considerable part must belong to labor, have doubled in the last ten years, and now amount to over twenty billions. Building and loan association assets are four billions and are mostly to be credited to the working class. Laborers are interested in life insurance, doubtless to the extent of billions. In late years there has been an increasing diffusion of ownership of corporation bonds and stocks; many of

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them must be in the hands of wage earners. Of this we are certain: a great many corporations have placed shares among their own employes.

All these facts must be disconcerting to those who maintain that there is some principle at work which strips the laborer down to his bare hands. Whether our rich are growing richer or not, our poor are not growing poorer. But Professor Carver is not content with this cheerful if rather commonplace conclusion. He will have it that labor is gaining so rapidly in financial power that it can not much longer stand as a class apart. To establish this he should have shown that labor is making a relative as well as an absolute gain. He does not try to show this, possibly because he realizes that it is not true. Labor may have doubled its property, measured in gold values, in the last ten years. But the national wealth has doubled in the same period. Relatively labor just holds its own. That is all there is to Professor Carver's "revolution," so far as the facts of property holding are concerned.

On the assumption that there is very much more to it than this, Professor Carver proceeds to draw numerous deductions as to the beneficence of the capitalistic system, out of which such revolutionary blessings flow. Much nonsense, he thinks, has been talked about capitalism. It is nothing but a natural consequence of peace and liberty. If men are free, and insured against violence they will accumulate capital and put it to use employing other men. As sociologist Professor Carver must be aware of the weakness of this argument from origins. The Inquisition can be traced back to Jesus of Nazareth, if that satisfies anyone. He has another argument: do not men emigrate from the non-capitalistic regions to the capitalistic? Does not this prove the human superiority of capitalism? It might, before a college debating society. There are evils connected with capitalism, Professor Carver admits, but they are growing pains, to be overcome by time. One point, I fear, has escaped him. It may be easy for Professor Carver to be philosophical about slums, child labor, over-work and over-strain. Capitalism produces not only these, but a protean Socialist movement, the bane of Professor Carver's life. How does he reconcile this with his cheerful dogma, "Somehow good?"

But we return to the main current. Assuming the all-beneficence of capitalism, and the final obliteration of class lines, a revolutionary change is indicated in the policy of labor unions. The days of the militant labor union have passed, the Professor thinks. We had to tolerate the contentious labor leader in the period when our working population was largely alien, marked with the limitations and steeped in the fears and hatreds of the Old World. These workers were not adjusted to the possibilities of democratic America. Now that immigration is reduced to a thin trickle the working class is becoming assimilated. It knows how to protect its interest through contract. It knows how to save and to invest properly. Accordingly what we need is a new type of labor leader, who will teach his following that the real hope for labor lies in the accumulation of more capital, to finance new enterprises and thus open additional jobs. The new type of labor leader will preach thrift to the workmen, and will hold them to the obligation of making the employer's business as profitable as possible. This in Professor Carver's terms, is the higher strategy of labor.

With the conflict of classes eliminated, with every man part capitalist, part laborer, free to seek out the most profitable employment for which he is fitted, we shall gradually work toward a balanced economic state, where every man, every function is rewarded exactly according to desert. It will be a state in which the rewards of capital will be low, because capital will accumulate inordinately when the practice of thrift is universal. Wages will be high, if in addition to keeping aliens out of the country we restrict the "immigration from Heaven" —or to better Professor Carver's orthodoxy, the immigration from sin and iniquity.

It is a roseate prospect. What ground have we for imputing reality to it? The position of labor in America, which was notably strengthened by the War and weakened in the demobilization period has no doubt again been strengthened somewhat by reviving prosperity and the restrictions placed on immigration. On the other hand we have in the rural South a very large population which is gradually being starved out of farming. There will soon be a heavy influx into industry, and labor will have its ups and downs. There will be industrial strife enough, but possibly not so much useless and inconclusive strife as in the past.

For there is actually appearing sporadically a "higher strategy of labor," not, however, Professor Carver's higher strategy. Where the real higher strategy is practiced no strike is called without a preliminary survey of the employer's position. The workers do not make demands that are impossible of fulfilment. Also a higher strategy of management is coming into vogue. The personnel administration, which Professor Carver dismisses disparagingly as an added cost of production, is teaching the employer to remove in time grievances which might ripen into bad blood.

The labor problem of today is not, however, purely a problem of hours and wages. It is also a problem of control. To Professor Carver this matter of control is simple; the worker as capitalist will control himself as wage earner. But those who face real conditions will place no high hopes in a much subdivided minority interest. If labor shares in control it will be on another basis. Under early European capitalism the worker, sunk in poverty and imbued with the servile traditions of the feudal order, was as easily subjected to capitalist control as fuel supplies or raw material. In America the servile tradition was broken down by free land, but our industry could import European

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labor in which the tradition still lived. The importation of labor has now been reduced to a minimum, and American industry will have to make terms with labor drawn from our own soil. Some employers will be quick to see the advantage of getting labor to participate in disciplining itself, as it is already doing in the Baltimore and Ohio shops. Others will fight to maintain their autocratic position. And the present prospect is that the fighters will be in the majority.

Professor Carver's Utopia, like other Utopias, lies beyond the horizon. One is at a loss to account for his seeming confidence in its reality. After all, he is an economist, not a poet. As an economist how can he possibly stake his reputation on so fantastic a doctrine as that of the automatic disappearance of economic class lines? How can he identify the system of private property, which may result in any one of a dozen economic forms, with the ruthless system of exploitation, partly a transitional form, against which Marx launched his diatribes? How can Professor Carver, as an economist who has presumably studied the labor problem at first hand, assert that the militant labor movement in this country is an alien thing, a result of the class cleavage between American employers and their alien employes? How can he conceive of the whole body of labor leaders as merely designing animals driven by personal ambition and appealing to envy? How can he dress up the "natural economic state" of the classical economists, or the static state of more recent theory as "the balanced economic system" and solemnly pronounce it "the most revolutionary idea ever injected into economic discussion"—an idea of the same order of importance as the square root of minus one or the chimæra bombinans in vacuo?

This strange case of Professor Carver can only be explained psychologically. The dominant notes of the book are Yankee Doodleism and a closely related conscript optimism. "This is a glorious country and these are glorious times, but they are growing more glorious." As a boy Professor Carver no doubt trotted behind the band in the Fourth of July parade. He heard the orator declare that in this country there are no classes, that the European nations are made up of dawdling aristocrats and fawning slaves, that they are rotting with the self-indulgence of the few and the misery of the many. All this forgotten bunk must have come back to Professor Carver as a result of some overwhelming personal experience, perhaps vicarious shell shock during the War or during the panic over Bolshevism. It emerges one hundred percent pure in this book.

What little scientific credit might have survived Professor Carver's Yankee Doodleism has been finally dissipated by his forced optimism. "The writer hopes that there is not a hint of pessimism in the tone of this book." Imagine physicists, chemists, geographers, or any other of the innumerable varieties of scientists proclaiming, by implication, that their scientific findings had been deliberately colored by optimism. Science is a matter of public concern; optimism and pessimism are of the most intimate private concern; they depend, in short, on the functioning of the endocrine glands. What shall we say of a man who appears before us advertised to offer sage counsel on affairs of state, but instead bursts into a little lyric: "Joy to the world, my glands work well!" ALVIN JOHNSON.

Soviet Russia—III

MY third question is not yet answered. Can Communism in the course of time, with sufficient dilution and added impurity, catch the multitude?

I cannot answer what only time will show. But I feel confident of one conclusion—that if Communism achieves a certain success, it will achieve it, not as an improved economic technique, but as a religion. The tendency of our conventional criticisms is to make two opposed mistakes. We hate Communism so much, regarded as a religion, that we exaggerate its economic inefficiency; and we are so much impressed by its economic inefficiency that we underestimate it as a religion.

On the economic side I cannot perceive that Russian Communism has made any contribution to our economic problems of intellectual interest or scientific value. I do not think that it contains, or is likely to contain, any piece of useful economic technique which we could not apply, if we chose, with equal or greater success in a society which retained all the marks, I will not say of nineteenth century individualistic Capitalism, but of British bourgeois ideals. Theoretically, at least, I do not believe that there is any economic improvement for which Revolution is a necessary instrument. On the other hand, we have everything to lose by the methods of violent change. In Western industrial conditions the tactics of Red Revolution would throw the whole population into a pit of poverty and death.

But, as a religion, what are its forces? Perhaps they are considerable. The exaltation of the common man is a dogma which has caught the multitude before now. *Any* religion and the bond which unites co-religionists have power against the egotistic atomism of the irreligious.

For modern Capitalism is absolutely irreligious, without internal union, without much public spirit, often, though not always, a mere congeries of possessors and pursuers. Such a system has to be immensely, not merely moderately, successful to survive. In the nineteenth century it was in a certain sense idealistic; at any rate it was a united and self-confident system. It was not only immensely successful but held out hopes of a continuing crescendo of prospective successes. Today it is only moderately successful. If irreligious Capitalism is ul-

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timately to defeat religious Communism it is not enough that it should be economically more efficient —it must be many times as efficient.

We used to believe that modern Capitalism was capable, not merely of maintaining the existing standards of life, but of leading us gradually into an economic Paradise where we should be comparatively free from economic cares. Now we doubt whether the business man is leading us to a destination far better than our present place. Regarded as a means he is tolerable; regarded as an end he is not so satisfactory. One begins to wonder whether the material advantages of keeping business and religion in different compartments are sufficient to balance the moral disadvantages. The Protestant and Puritan could separate them comfortably because the first activity pertained to earth and the second to heaven, which was elsewhere. The believer in Progress could separate them comfortably because he regarded the first as the means to the establishment of heaven upon earth hereafter. But there is a third state of mind, in which we do not fully believe either in a heaven which is elsewhere or in Progress as a sure means towards a heaven upon earth hereafter; and if heaven is not elsewhere and not hereafter, it must be here and now or not at all. If there is no moral objective in economic Progress, then it follows that we must not sacrifice, even for a day, moral to material advantage—in other words, that we may no longer keep business and religion in separate compartments of the soul. In so far as a man's thoughts are capable of straying along these paths, he will be ready to search with curiosity for something at the heart of Communism quite different from the picture of its outward parts which our press paints.

At any rate to me it seems clearer every day that the moral problem of our age is concerned with the Love of Money, with the habitual appeal to the Money Motive in nine-tenths of the activities of life, with the universal striving after individual economic security as the prime object of endeavor, with the social approbation of Money as the measure of constructive success, and with the social appeal to the hoarding instinct as the foundation of the necessary provision for the family and for the future. The decaying religions around us, which have less and less interest for most people unless it be as an agreeable form of magical ceremonial or of social observance, have lost their moral significance just because—unlike some of their earlier versions—they do not touch in the least degree on these essential matters. A revolution in our ways of thinking and feeling about money may become the growing purpose of contemporary embodiments of the ideal. Perhaps, therefore, Russian Communism does represent the first confused stirrings of a great Religion.

The visitor to Russia from the outside, who tries without prejudice to catch the atmosphere, must alternate, I think, between two moods—Oppression and Elation. Sir Martin Conway, in his true and sincere volume on Art Treasures in Soviet Russia, writes thus of his departure out of the country:

> After a very long halt the train moved on about half a mile to the Finnish frontier, where passports, visas, and luggage were again examined much less meticulously. The station was new built, a pleasant place, simple, clean, and convenient, and served with much courtesy. It has a charming refreshment room, where simple but nicely cooked food was supplied in an atmosphere of hospitality.
>
> It seems a churlish thing for me to say, after all the kindness shown to me in Russia, but if I am to tell the whole truth I must here put on record that in this frontier station of Finland I experienced a sense as of the removal of a great weight which had been oppressing me. I cannot explain just how this weight had been felt. I did not experience the imposition of it on entering Russia, but as the days passed it seemed slowly to accumulate. The sense of freedom gradually disappeared. Though everyone was kind one felt the presence of an oppression, not on oneself, but all-pervading. Never have I felt so completely a stranger in a strange land; with successive days what at first was a dim feeling took more definite shape and condensed into an ever-increasingly conscious oppression. I imagine one might have passed through the same experience in the Russia of the Tsars. Americans often praise what they call the "air of liberty" which they claim as characteristic of their country. They possess it in common with all the English-speaking dominions. The moral atmosphere of Russia is a very different compound of emotional chemistry.
>
> The part of Finland through which our train now bore us was not different in physical character from the lands across the frontier, but we found ourselves passing "nice little properties" and the signs of comfort and even prosperity . . .

The mood of Oppression could not be better conveyed. In part, no doubt, it is the fruit of Red Revolution—there is much in Russia to make one pray that one's own country may achieve its goal not in that way. In part, perhaps, it is the fruit of some beastliness in the Russian nature—or in the Russian and Jewish natures when, as now, they are allied together. But in part it is one face of the superb earnestness of Red Russia, of the high seriousness, which in its other aspect appears as the Spirit of Elation. There never was anyone so *serious* as the Russian of the Revolution, serious even in his gaiety and abandon of spirit—so serious that sometimes he can forget tomorrow and sometimes he can forget today. Often this seriousness is crude and stupid and boring in the extreme. The average Communist is *discolored* just as the Methodists of every age have been. The tenseness of the atmosphere is more than one is used to support, and a longing comes for the frivolous ease of London.

Yet the Elation, when that is felt, is very great. Here—one feels at moments—in spite of poverty, stupidity, and oppression, is the Laboratory of

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Life. Here the chemicals are being mixed in new combinations, and stink and explode. Something —there is just a chance—might come out. And even a chance gives to what is happening in Russia more importance than what is happening (let us say) in the United States of America.

I think that it is partly reasonable to be afraid of Russia, like the gentlemen who write to The Times. But if Russia is going to be a force in the outside world, it will not be the result of Mr. Zinovieff's money. Russia will never matter seriously to the rest of us, unless it be as a moral force. So, now the deeds are done and there is no going back, I should like to give Russia her chance; to help and not to hinder. For how much rather, even after allowing for everything, if I were a Russian, would I contribute my quota of activity to Soviet Russia than to Tsarist Russia! I could not subscribe to the new official faith any more than to the old. I should detest the actions of the new tyrants not less than those of the old. But I should feel that my eyes were turned towards, and no longer away from, the possibilities of things; that out of the cruelty and stupidity of Old Russia nothing could ever emerge, but that beneath the cruelty and stupidity of New Russia some speck of the Ideal may lie hid.

J. M. KEYNES.

Theatres, Books and Ladies' Wear

SUNNY: The big all-American musical comedy this season is the Dillingham production, Sunny. It has been a tremendous success and everybody will see it. The producers have rightly supposed that by combining the elements of Sally and Poppy they could please the audiences who supported those earlier musical comedies with such enthusiasm. They have, however, dispensed with whatever there was of humor or charm in Poppy, knowing well that they did not need it. They had excellent materials to work with: a remarkable group of dancers, Marilyn Miller, Jack Donahue, Mary Hay and Clifton Webb; some respectable comedians, Pert Kelton, Joe Cawthorn and Ukelele Ike; Jerome Kern for the music and James Reynolds for the costumes and sets. All these performers do their familiar turns and do them very well—Marilyn Miller, especially, is much more varied and interesting than she was in Sally. But to have brought all these people together and not given them a single bit of good dialogue or a single amusing scene, not to have combined them for a moment so as to make them more interesting than they ordinarily are when we see them in night-club or vaudeville—this, the work of Messrs. Otto Harbach and Oscar Hammerstein II, is what makes Sunny perhaps the masterpiece of Broadway showmanship. The producers know that, with smart sets, big names, efficiency and an appearance of expense, the success of a musical comedy like Sunny is automatic. Orchestra seats are in the hands of the speculators and will undoubtedly remain there for a long time; when the theatre is needed for a new Follies, Sunny will move to another one; it will continue to run for a second season, perhaps for a third; after that, it will tour the country.

Enlightenment Through the Movies: The Evolution film, which was shown in New York last summer, reminded one of the great possibilities of the movies for scientific exposition. Here one saw the genesis of the solar system through a collision in the heavens; the terrible hydrogen geysers of the sun, the boiling surface of the earth; the solidification of the earth's crust, the emergence of the mountains; then the monstrous race of dinosaurs, fighting and feeding in their marshes, their destruction beneath the glaciers of an ice age; the origins of life, the magical division of a one-celled protozoön; beautiful photographs of mastigophora whipping themselves about and silvery cilia-fringed paramecia; all sorts of curious live animals demonstrating adaptation to environment, ant-eaters, devil's walking-sticks; then a selection of anthropoid apes and finally specimens of some savage human tribes. When I saw this film, I was very much impressed by its educational effectiveness. If it could only be shown in Dayton, I reflected, the inhabitants might finally be persuaded. Very soon afterwards, however, I went to The Wanderer and there saw an equally convincing and equally awe-inspiring realization of the fall of Babylon, condemned by an angry God, with all its palaces and people: I beheld the idol of the heathen goddess Istar burst asunder by a thunderbolt and the gigantic finger of Jehovah writing a warning on the wall of the banquet hall in classical Hebrew.

Raymond Radiguet: A volume of the collected poems of Raymond Radiguet has now appeared, under the title Les Joues en Feu, as they were prepared by him for publication two years ago, just before his death of typhoid at the age of twenty. They contain some agreeable enough things, but seem much less interesting than his novels, which they antedate. The first of these, Le Diable au Corps, which was written when he was between sixteen and eighteen and which had a considerable success of scandal, described the love affair of a boy under military age with the young wife of a soldier at the front; the story was supposed to be told by the boy himself and derived a strange poignancy from the ability of the author to communicate the emotions of early love to which he was still very close at the same time that he brought to bear upon them a sort of Stendhalian analysis of the mechanics of the heart and a maturely ironic sense of the discrepancy between real and ideal. His second novel, Le Bal du Comte d'Orgel, written between eighteen and twenty, was cleverer but, on the whole, less satisfactory: here, he undertook to present a triangle of which two of the characters were supposed to be mature and the result was that, though the portraits of the count and countess show much real penetration, the story as a whole seems thrown out of focus by the point of view of the third character, the young man who is in love with the countess; we get the effect of seeing the motives of the older people only as they were capable of being understood by the young man, who was not of a temperament to underestimate the importance of his relation to them. Radiguet strikes one, however, as having been one of the most remarkable of the post-war generation of French writers: he had less color and less pyrotechnics than his contemporaries—than Morand, than Cocteau, than Aragon. He was perhaps the only one who achieved eminence without any sort of eccentricity; but one feels that the sobriety of his style was perhaps the result of a surer artistic instinct than any of the other writers named have possessed. Put Le Diable au Corps beside Cocteau's novel, Le Grand Ecart, which has a little the appearance of having been inspired by it and see how the younger man, though so

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much less amusing, so much less picturesque than Cocteau, seems to face reality more steadily, to feel life more deeply and to write more maturely. Radiguet himself suggests a significant comparison with Morand by putting a portrait of that popular writer into the second of his novels: "Paul never used a commonplace," he says, "without underlining it with a little laugh or preceding it with a respiration. In that way, he made it clear that he was not credulous. The desire not to be taken in amounted to a disease with Paul Robin. It is the disease of the century. It can sometimes be carried so far as to take in other people. Every organ develops or atrophies in proportion to its activity. As a result of mistrusting his heart, he no longer had very much left. He thought that he was hardening himself, but he was really destroying himself. Absolutely mistaken as to the end to be attained, this slow suicide was what he most admired in himself. He believed it was the way to live. But there has as yet but one method been found to prevent one's heart from beating, and that is death."

The Poet of Hosiery: There are evidently artists of a high order inspiring the new shades and names of ladies' stockings. I quote the following from an advertisement: Peach—beige—pearl—beach—suede—silver—cinder—rose taupe — African brown — russet — blonde satin — blush—Airedale—cork—shell pink—pebble—skynn—lark—tan—cordovan—mauve—muffin — nude—buck—gold—fawn—racquet—sandalwood—oriental pearl—tanbark—log cabin—oakwood—gunmetal. And from another: Mauve gray—rose nutmeg—peach nude—sauterne—orange nude—blush pink—natural.

The Fashion: In the billiard parlors of Waterbury and Scranton, young men are wearing the blue shirts and the white-rimmed gray felt hats of the Prince of Wales; and in the back streets of Newark and Schenectady, little girls in green hats are dancing the Charleston on the pavement.

EDMUND WILSON.

Washington Notes

BY the time this appears in print the Italian debt funding commission in all probability will be in Washington and may even have effected their settlement. It promises to be a speedy business. I regret to report that there is here considerable ribald comment concerning their coming.

In advance of their arrival the report has been whispered, spread, even printed, that they come with instructions from the amiable Benito to sign on the dotted line—no matter what else they do they are to sign. There is to be no duplication of the French deadlock. The fact that the Italians are coming determined above all things to agree, not disagree, is accepted generally in Washington but only the public is supposed to believe this means real money. It will, it is true, look like money. It will be solemnly draped in such a way as to permit the Republican organs to congratulate the administration upon a sound piece of financing and the Italians to pose along with England as a strong nation that pays its debts. The contrast between a settlement by Italy and the non-settlement by France will greatly gratify a certain well known sentiment in Italy and be as inexpensive as it is pleasant. It will enable Italy to negotiate her loans and come back again to talk matters over whenever the moratorium expires. Nor will there be any hard feeling if Senator Smoot again chooses to put his feet on the table. Nothing will be allowed to interfere with the Benito instructions—not even that.

It surprises me that there has been so little comment upon the passing of Judson C. Welliver from the White House circle. To me the story of Jud's transformation from a flaming Progressive to a sort of super-publicity agent of the oil interests in the short course of fifteen years is one of the strangest stories in Washington, full of human and political interest and significance. There was a day back in the Taft administration when the whole progressive movement in the Senate centred around Welliver. He supplied the zeal and no small part of the brains for the little group of Republican Senators who waged the fight against the Payne-Aldrich tariff and inveighed against the moneyed power and Wall Street. In those days Washington held no more valiant and relentless foe of the "interests" than Jud. In season and out he belabored them with tongue and pen. In those days Republicans of the Harding-Coolidge type were to him persons to be regarded either with pity or scorn—mostly scorn—and the regular Republican organization a dreadful thing to be determinedly attacked and destroyed.

When this burning crusader showed up at the White House as a sort of confidential man for President Harding the ripple of amusement that ran around Washington was certainly natural. There was as much in common between the politics of Harding and the politics of Jud as there is between daylight and dark. It seemed an utterly incongruous combination. However the truth was that personally Harding had known Jud for a long time and personally was fond of him and Jud had become disgusted with his Progressive friends and worn out with crusading. He became attached to the White House payroll as Chief Clerk and it was reported that his official salary was supplemented by the National Committee. Whether or not this was true I am not in a position to say but it was certainly widely believed. In any event and whatever he was paid he was more than worth it.

He was no more clerk than I am clerk. What he was and what everybody recognized he was was a writer of Presidential speeches and a mighty good one. Practically all of the Harding public utterances bore the unmistakable literary stamp of this former Progressive newspaper man.

After Harding died there was much speculation as to whether or not Jud would continue to function under Mr. Coolidge as he did under Mr. Harding. He has not perhaps to as full an extent as he did before but still in a way to lighten greatly the literary labors of the President. He supplied information, dug up facts, furnished ideas, and performed a prodigious amount of work exceedingly well. That he will be greatly missed around the White House the "White House spokesman" did not hesitate to admit the other day. He could render services no one else there could. His resignation was a mere matter of money. The oil interests pay too well. If they wanted a first class propagandist they have certainly landed one. It's a tragic end for such a striking Progressive as Jud, but it is the way many of them with lots less ability go just the same.

Although he has not been in Washington for some time I am informed that Senator "Jim" Couzens of Michigan is loading up with ammunition for a bombardment of the Mellon tax reduction ideas in the coming session of Con-

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gress that will make that old gentleman really miserable. He has, I am told, some amendments to offer concerning not only the rates proposed by the Treasury department and desired by the President but particularly applying to the administration of the law by the department that will cause a rise in Mr. Winston's blood pressure and strain even his explaining powers. In fact Mr. Couzens promises to be an even more prickly thorn in the Treasury flesh this time than he was before. When Congress adjourned last spring Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Mellon alike thought Senator Couzens fully as unfriendly as LaFollette and about five times as poisonous as any regular Democrat. If there had been any way in which they could have annihilated him his political life would not have been worth a nickel. Particularly was this the case with Mr. Coolidge immediately following the rejection of Warren. He blamed that humiliating defeat largely on Mr. Couzens and Mr. Couzens not only accepted the blame but claimed it. The curious part is that nothwithstanding the popularity of Mr. Coolidge in Michigan, so far from hurting Senator Couzens with his constituents his course in opposing the President's choice actually did him good, which is about as illuminating comment upon Mr. Warren's hold upon his home people as can be made.

The Hearst support of Mr. Coolidge has reached a stage where the regular and recognized newspaper organs of the Republican party are fast being forced to play second fiddle in the administration journalistic orchestra to the string of papers owned and operated by this one time leader in the battle against the "intrenched interests."

Almost regularly now Brother Brisbane beats the Editor of the New York Herald-Tribune and other organs to the daily Coolidge eulogy. Not only that but when Mr. Brisbane eulogizes he eulogizes. He does a better job in a better way than the smug and wordy editorial subordinates of the organs. For one thing he is a far better craftsman, has much more originality and an oilier set of brains. His purposes and his motives are less smugly self-satisfied and his mental equipment is far more complete. He not only is more effective in what he says but he says it more pointedly and pertinently. For instance whenever the organs speak of the prospects of Mr. Coolidge's renomination in 1928 they refer to it as his third term. When Mr. Brisbane touches this subject he points out that 1928 will mark the beginning of the President's second term and that his third term will not start until 1932. It is, he further poinst out, playing the game of aspirants for the Republican nomination other than Mr. Coolidge to treat 1928 as the starting post of a third term.

With this idea the little circle at the White House including Mr. Coolidge himself completely agrees. They think Mr. Brisbane not only right but extremely patriotic in his method of dealing with this question and the continued lapses of the organs into third term talk however well intentioned are regarded by the Massachusetts unofficial advisers as well nigh indefensible. They can see no possible excuse for such stupidity and it is a fact that the correspondents of some of the most sincere, consistent and unwavering of Republican papers are not now so highly regarded by those who constitute the inner circle as they once were. These unfortunate fellows are so far apparently unconscious that they have sunk in White House favor because care is taken to keep them in ignorance. As a matter of fact not more than one or two will really care if they find it out. The disgruntling of some of these Massachusetts political leaders would by no means break their hearts unless it got them in bad at the home office. The big point of all this however is that Brother Brisbane draws more water at the White House than all the other gentlemen of the press put together. And he ought to. He is doing a better job for the Coolidge cause.

T. R. B.

Washington.

The Geddes Production

Arabesque, by Cloyd Head and Eunice Tietjens. National Theatre. October 26, 1925.

IT is the written side only of the theatre that, except for some bits about the acting, is usually discussed by reviewers. This is partly because the best section of our theatre has lain in books for so many years—I mean Congreve and the Elizabethans—that we have come to think of the words as most of the art. It is partly because the words may rightly be regarded as of all the elements that go to make up the art of the theatre the most important. It is partly because, too, the serious theatre under Ibsen and the greater moderns has relied more and more on the written play as the source of the dramatic effect or emotion. But most of all it is because for the reviewers themselves to write of the written side of the theatre is easier. Words can deal with words; in the art of the theatre our most discussable and expressible impressions deal with the word end of it.

On the side of the play itself, so far as it lies in words, Arabesque is weak. The first scenes are more or less inaudible or indistinguishable; in two performances I found myself, unless I made great effort, losing line after line, owing partly to the bad speech of American actors and partly to the casual producing. These earlier speeches may not be important to their scenes, but in that case they must take their place in the scale more effectively and not annoy us with a sense of missing them. At length, however, the story proper begins. Ahmed bumps into M'na, a girl he has once known as a child. Her mother, who wishes to marry the girl to the sheik, curses him. The sheik's mother comes to visit the girl, whose mother gets herself out of the way by celebrating her own funeral. Ahmed has visited the girl in her home, seen her face. This is kept secret, and the girl is betrothed to the sheik. The Bedouins commit robberies and murder the caid's nephew. The sheik visits a girl in the Bedouin camp. The caid comes, investigating the murder. The sheik is deposed, Ahmed is to marry M'na.

Of the acting in Arabesque we may say that Mr. Bela Lugosi has a good presence for the sheik and is never trivial, but his English is in the way; Mr. Curtiss Cooksey is far from convincing as Ahmed; Miss Olive West as the girl's mother knows her business and never evades the grotesque ugliness of the rôle; Miss Sara Sothern achieves a great deal of the dovelike loveliness of the Arabian girl and is often poignant and right; Miss Hortense Alden has a certain authority now and then as the Bedouin seductress. But the acting in Arabesque on the whole is not very good.

The play has something of the Arabian Nights quality to it; it is at times sharply pathetic; it finally rattles into farce, and at the very last into what is almost moving picture. What I know of the writing of Miss Tietjens—I am less familiar with Mr. Head—does not suggest this evasive dalliance. And on general grounds you feel that the play

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is not given quite as it was written. The scenes often appear to have been tampered with, loosened, even mushed up. In sum, the visual part of Arabesque, what you get with your eyes, is full of an impressive integrity, but the drama as you get it is not. And in the matter of directing the play needs constantly pointing up, too many of its necessary stages and junctures are lost.

But the art of the theatre obviously does not consist in words alone. It consists also in such other elements as the scene, the movements, the sound. And this is the phase of it that is impossible to convey in words. When we approach this side of the art of the theatre, we meet with difficulties similar to those we meet in writing about music, painting, dancing, architecture. The elements in a picture, for example, that belong essentially to the art of painting are conveyed by this art only; in so far as words can convey them they are elements belonging to another art as well as to painting. These painting elements have an emotional significance of their own. In this fact lies the justification of painting as a separate art, distinguished from all others.

On this side of the theatre art Arabesque is sometimes sweeping and superb, now and again singularly pure as theatrical quality—frankly theatre and nothing else, not life, not literature, freed of all characteristics not theatrical —now triumphant, now less certain in its achievement, but always remarkable.

Mr. Geddes's use of sound, noise, music, as the case may be, and of lighting, illustrates this point perfectly. These sounds that you hear are now full of direct resemblance or duplication of the external facts of life, played or sung by a character or heard in the Arabian street, now sound used as a dramatic medium, a meaning in itself, free of all likeness and of all probability except the probability of its own logic of emotion. The light is now from the day and night's journal of effects, the sun, lanterns, the glowing stars overhead, now frankly spots of radiance and shadow, floods, shafts, rising columns, unlikely, improbable, dramatic in themselves, with their own abstraction and emotional significance.

About the stage settings and the costumes there is often a sharp resemblance; I know some of the Arab towns and was startled at the authentic likeness that Mr. Geddes achieved when he wished it. There is nevertheless, as there should be, a constant sense that you are looking at art not at nature. The streets, the housetops, the rising planes to be seen over, above, around, under, across one another; the scenes being shifted before your eyes with accompanying manipulations of light and sound and action; the clothes too; all remain art; they are essentially Arabic but not that either; they vary from resemblance and reproduction to abstraction and complete freedom.

The setting presents a sort of court or central space, and on each side there are steps, levels, landings, subtly varied and flowing, leading high up at the back, with a sort of shrine rising higher still to one side. By seemingly very simple devices and changes these are converted from one place of the action to another, the heroine's house, the street bazaar, the desert outside the walls, what you will. The action approaches from the sides, from high up at the back, descending, ascending, massing, eliminating, according to the needs of the dramatic moment.

There is a fine scene, for example, where high up against the night sky the Bedouin girl has her meeting with the sheik, and at the front of the stage the virgin that he is to marry stands terrified while they dress her for the ceremony; there is another where the lanterns of the citizens go swirling and rushing over the town, everywhere, around, high, low, with their breathless lights upon the walls; in both the mere relationships in levels, the phrases in elevation, express or infinitely extend the dramatic truth. The success of these effects as they occur throughout the performance is unequal of course, as must always be the case. But the living figures now at the front, now at the back, now lighted, now silhouetted against light or dark, now singly, now in crowds; the variously colored and variously intense lights; the shadows in their reds, purples, grays, yellows, blues; the management of the groups and movements; all these amplify our art of the theatre and carry it forward a long way.

To use a stale old distinction we may speak of this production of Mr. Geddes with regard to the talent and genius in it. Talent in the case of this venture might be more persuasive, might be closer to us, more anxious to please, might lean more out to the audience. But, good or bad, what we see in Arabesque is the work of genius. Its effects when they are successful derive from compulsion and power, not from persuasion. And it is a virile art that we see. Whether in its transplantation of the Arabian scene, harsh, barbaric, fatalistic, magnificent, or in its more abstract design and intention, this work is always masculine, creative and fresh. Its qualities are not those of distinction, choiceness of taste. They are only now and then those of popularity, and only now and then of prettiness though very often of beauty—beauty as that quality that remains somewhat austere, forbidding, divine, full of the terrible seeds of life, as contrasted with a prettiness that is close to us, sentimental, endearing, easy.

This Geddes production, however incompletely achieved it may be as a theatrical unity or whole, might well serve, nevertheless, as a school or mine for lesser workers in the theatre, who can get out of it a generation's growth, and who can popularize its tremendous creative substance into pleasant and winning forms, less significant but valuable nevertheless and prophetic.

STARK YOUNG.

A Certain Enthusiasm

THE perversity of foreigners in admiring the wrong things about us has often been noted. There is the type, usually English, which covers contempt with an annoying pretense of liking our vulgarisms; for him the American who neither drawls nor nasalizes is a failure because he is not quaint. Much more interesting is the French enthusiast who ridicules our devotion to French lucidity and discipline, to ordered and intelligent beauty, and himself raves about jazz, machinery, noise, and millions of dollars.

This foreign enthusiasm for the jazz side of America is not to be dismissed, as Ernest Boyd tries to dismiss it, with a sneer at Jean Cocteau and his American disciples. Mr. Boyd makes a habit of sacrificing balance to bile, and does not arrive, as Paul Rosenfeld does, at a reasonable conclusion. The enthusiasts for jazz and skyscrapers are millions who have never heard of Cocteau, and only tens who discover, or pretend to discover, æsthetic values in these American products. Mr. Rosenfeld is not one of them and warns us that whatever a French æsthete, out of temper with his own arts, may say, we have to work out our own æsthetic problems and give the arts our own values. If Demuth is a greater artist than Bud Fisher, the intelligent among us must encourage Demuth in spite of Dada. Weariness of the traditional French virtues may be causing

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Frenchmen to like things in America which are of no importance to us.

It is right to warn us to be independent; but it is also possible that the outsider has put his hand on something we cannot properly value because it is too common. We imagine that we care for the characteristic things in France. We ought to admit the possibility that our foreigner observers are as keen as we are and are quite right in thinking that impudence, noise, vulgarity, and extravagance are actually our national qualities; and that whatever restraint and refinement we show are mere relics or imitations of the European cultural system. Mrs. Wharton, for example, is honored abroad; but she is not admired as Mark Twain is admired; Sargent is praised only as any other academician is praised; but the Frenchman's enthusiasm for even second rate jazz dancing is much more tumultuous than his admiration for the best of the dreary ballets produced at the Opera.

I do not, at least not at present, claim that the European æsthete's ideas about America are right. It is only worth noting that these ideas are logical and that they are based on what may be a prophetic distinction between Europe and America. Those who feel that in politics, in art, in civilization as a whole, we are part of the European system, may resent any attempt at exclusion. But a European, depressed and bored by Europe, would be justified in pointing out to us that part, at least, of our tradition is precisely that we are non-European. From the Monroe Doctrine to the boasting of Congressmen, we have always isolated ourselves to a degree, and declared ourselves different and superior; as if we recognized that we could not redress the balance of the Old World so long as we remained a part of it. Some of us may refuse to be disinherited and even go home to Europe. But we shall not long fool the Europeans who will recognize Henry James as a sport, and William as the typical American.

The European observer naturally feels that what is most American is least European. He will irritate us by holding that we can contribute nothing to painting, but are doing marvels in comic strips, that as writers of fiction we add nothing to the art, but our advertisements are the best writing of the century. Our resentment may only mean that our critical habits lag behind our creative achievements; we are still looking for approval to the successors of Swift, Goethe, and Voltaire, without suspecting that we have made even those great originals irrelevant by developing ourselves in directions quite different from those they indicated. In spite of serious differences between one country and another, one age and another, there seems to be a general main stream of European culture, and in spite of Europe's comparative coolness to our artistic efforts, we all assume that that is the only stream in which we can swim. And the European who selects from all the things we do, those which have the least association with his own system of life and thought, embarrasses us because we have never dared to think that we might take a wholly uncharted course.

If there is anything sound in this judgment, the Europeans who sneer at our traditional work and those who praise our jazz arts are both doing us a service, throwing us upon our own resources and teaching us the value of our own forms of expression. They are sharpening both edges of the sword which will eventually cut us off from Europe. The actual question is, ought we to cut ourselves off? Are the exciting things we are producing sufficient to take the place of the formal arts? Can we live without those arts or transform our strange by-products of business, such as advertising and skyscrapers and electric signs, into art? It ought to be one of the first concerns of American criticism to answer these questions, so that the artist, when he arrives, will not wobble awkwardly between two allegiances and will know definitely whether he is a European or an American. That is a division which it never occurs to the jazz artist to make and his lack of sensitiveness to the problem may account for his confidence and sureness of touch, distinguishing his meagre material. The self-questionings which afflict a Sherwood Anderson are not the most acute in the annals of American literature and are answered to some satisfaction; but they are grave enough to affect his work. They do not seem to occur to George M. Cohan. I suspect that they are beginning to occur, in some form, to George Gershwin, and it will be interesting to note the result in his work. For the major arts all spring from European sources and the moment a jazz artist becomes aware of their existence he is confronted with the same problem: to be Euro-American or to be American? To please the Americans with background or the Americans with nothing but the future to guide them?

The European of today frequently admires our business more than our art, finds elements of art in the accidents of our machinery and associates with our business men the qualities of imagination and creativeness which have heretofore been reserved to artists, prophets, and empire-builders. Of our arts he prefers the lowly and common to the austere. It seems to me that these preferences and enthusiasms predict a new order of things, an American art outside the accepted categories. I am not sure that the prediction will be verified. The natural next step, which we are watching at the moment, is the integration of the jazz material into the stricter forms. We do not yet know whether the old forms will stand the strain of the new and unruly material, whether it isn't a waste of good jazz to try to work it into an opera or a symphony, instead of finding the new form which it seems to call for. Should jazz try to be more and more like music, or less and less, if it is going to be an actual mode in which America expresses itself and out of which a profound creative artist can make something which will be as much for us as music is for Germany? These are the beginning questions which the enthusiastic European implies. The least we can do is to be grateful to him; and the best is to try to answer them.

GILBERT SELDES.

Even the Bats

In the June twilight, we looked without knowing why
At the peaked gable of a corner house;
And while we looked, a hundred bats flew out
From the patterned eaves over the beach and the lake;
And as soon as they had wavered high out of sight,
Came other hundreds at nine intervals:
Like black leaves dropping and gathered up again
In their own wind, and blown to the setting sun.

After the firm birds of water and the bright birds of trees,
After the transparent golden air of day,
It is magical to see a host of shadows
Trembling upward over the mountain-top,
Or hovering past a balconied window at midnight
And flaking singly toward a mottled moon.
Even the bats are beautiful in Chapala
Where shadows leave the breast and fly away.

WITTER BYNNER.

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CORRESPONDENCE

Lumber Men and "Public Welfare"

SIR: When I first read the letter, Lumber Men and Reforestation, in the New Republic (August 26, 1925) I was under the impression that I was being entertained by some master of cynical humor. Coming to the end thereof, however, I found that it was no such thing, but a serious literary effort by no less a personage than Mr. Edgar P. Allen, Director of Public Relations, National Lumber Manufacturers' Association, and all that.

Mr. Allen's letter is indeed a "peach of" a publicity stunt, but, otherwise, that is about the only factful thing regarding it.

I happen to be a native Louisianian. I therefore happen to have seen one of the finest forests of pine and cypress that ever grew on earth swept out of existence in less than a generation by the members of this same National Lumber Manufacturers' Association. All over western Louisiana and eastern Texas, about all that is left of that great pine forest is a few rotting stumps. What the Lumber Men have ever done toward reforestation, "God only knows," as Supreme Justice Taft would comment. This mighty forest the Lumber Barons acquired for a song and a few bottles of "fire water," that is, where they did not swipe it directly from the states and their dearly beloved "Uncle Sam." Of this forest, practically only a few stumps are left and the worst of it is that thousands of acres of this land seem to be fit only for the growing of pine trees. No other profitable crop has yet been found to take the place of pines. Looking at what was once a forest and which should have been forever an invaluable asset to the people of Louisiana and Texas, I come to the conclusion that an old New Orleans friend of mine was absolutely correct when he said to me one day: "Hall, these lumber manufacturers come down here saying 'We are going to develop the country.' Devastation would be a better word," and so it was.

As for Mr. Allen's statement that "they (the lumber manufacturers) are keenly sensible of their obligations and opportunities for contributing to the public welfare," well, all I have to say is that "they" have a strange notion of what "public welfare" is. It was once my duty to travel over east Texas for a certain insurance company. As we would rattle on southward we would, of course, after a while reach the country where the lumber trust was all supreme. An old rattletrap town would suddenly blot out the sunshine and one of the boys in the smoker would look out of the window and growl: "We are getting in the goddam lumber country."

"Public Welfare!"—towns in which there was no water supply; no sewage system; no decent schools—towns of miserable shacks built of waste lumber—unpainted—ugly—ruled by gunmen and "saved" by the Y. M. C. A.! That was the very best the lumber trust could do in "public service." Everywhere it is notorious for its suppression of all the humanities, while liberty of press, speech, assembly, and organization do not and never did exist in the domain of the National Lumber Manufacturers' Association. . . .

I know. I helped defend the Louisiana Lumberjacks when, after a bitter three-year long struggle, fifty-eight of them were arrested and tried for their lives for the "crime" of defending themselves and their women folks against thugs brought into the timber belt by a detective agency and its employers, the lumber operators. I saw their "public welfare" work in all its glory. I saw its army of gunmen, deputy sheriffs and detectives attempt to bulldoze all who dared go to the aid and defense of the shamelessly outraged lumberjacks and farmers the state of Louisiana had placed on trial for daring to revolt against the lumber trust, the most infamous despotism then in Dixie. I saw between five and seven thousand men, white and colored, myself among them, blacklisted out of our native land by these "brutes in broadcloth," as a United States Army Major once denounced them to me. I saw the town of Merryville, Louisiana, where the last great strike of the persecuted Southern lumber workers occurred, and I saw a town of 3,500 people without a water supply, without sewage, without a single bathtub—without a single one of those public necessities that today make for human decency.

"Public welfare!"—Mr. Allen must be either joking or taking you New Yorkers for what many are coming to believe you to be—the "easiest marks" on earth.

In conclusion, it is for this that the lumber manufacturers hate the I. W. W. so—it is the only labor union that has ever yet bucked successfully the brutes who have stolen and destroyed the forests that belonged by every right, natural, human and divine, to the whole American People, and by right to no other group.

Mena, Ark. COVINGTON HALL.

Britus and Eskimos

SIR: The same newspaper which recently stated that Britus, a Celtic god, bequeathed his name to the Britons, publishes a cablegram from Dublin today to the effect that the Irish are supposed to be descended from the Eskimos!

Both theories are equally absurd, and put the cart before the horse. Britus derives his legendary existence from the Britons, and the Picts, who possibly showed anthropological affinities to the Eskimos, were subjugated by the Irish, that is to say, by Celtic settlers in Erin.

ERNEST P. HORRWITZ.

Salesman vs. Advertiser

SIR: All hail to Stuart Chase, for taking the big stick to dern advertising. Might every head of a household read and absorb his revelations!

I am a salesman, of a dozen years' experience, in three different lines.

When I began, merchandise sold mainly on its actual merit; held its trade, where it was already established: or could be introduced, upon proof of merit.

What has happened since then?

Advertising, like a great barrage, has been employed by manufacturers and distributors, and luckless is that salesman who strives for an unadvertised or lightly-advertised line.

Old lines of supreme quality, whose executives thought their goodwill was perpetual, have been made to totter, even been ruined, by upstart equivalents, much-advertised.

This holds true in all lines. If you don't believe it, chat in a hotel lobby with salesmen of fifteen years' experience or more; ask them, each in his line, to name the best three brands. Best on merit, I mean.

He will likely mention one you "never heard of," fine, old honest merchandise, perhaps dimly recurring to your memory.

But invariably he will tell you this brand, although high-quality as ever, is losing out, being smothered by its advertised rivals. Which often are inferior.

A generation is growing up which is quality-ignorant: which does not know how to judge anything on its actual merits, but is simply shooed into stores by lavish barrages of magazine and billboard publicity, "linked up" by further lavish window displays.

By the way, ask any grocer or druggist what percentage of these displays furnished him by "national advertisers" he is able to use! See his "cemetery" of "sales helps," if he will let you go behind the scenes, or down into his cellar.

I repeat, it is today hopeless to undertake to represent worthy merchandise, unadvertised, against mediocre, advertised.

Merchants won't take a chance on it.

They want to sell predigested goods, bought by a public shooed in by national advertising—paid for painlessly, when the package is wrapped up and the money taken.

Personally I yearn for a day when any advertisement larger than a quarter page is forbidden—yes, and more than a half-dozen magazines, to show it, per month.

Advertising has become a charlatan profession, to a dangerous degree. Let it be scotched, and true quality get another chance.

MOORE HOPE.

Cincinnati, O.

Fundamentalism

SIR: You are doubtless within your rights in placing your own definition upon a term so fluid as "fundamentalist." In lumping all current evangelical theology under it, however, you ignore the heated controversy that for months has raged. That all turns on the fact (or supposition) that there are a good many ministers and laymen who are not fundamentalists.

Your further suggestion in reply to me that the preachers in the several churches who have not attended theological seminaries have "their habits of mind and canons of evidence determined by their brethren who have" is more humorous than accurate. If there is any one thing in which these gentlemen take acute satisfaction, it is in just the contrary.

GEO. B. WINTON.

Paducah, Ky.

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Past and Present

Tolerance, by Hendrik Willem Van Loon. New York: Boni and Liveright. 399 pages. $3.

Rebel Saints, by Mary Agnes Best. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 333 pages. $3.

THE present week is marked in the publishers' calendar as juvenile week, when attention is directed especially to reading for children and young people. The two books whose names stand above, though not specifically classifiable as juveniles, are certainly among the best for this purpose of this or any other season. They contain some of the most enthralling stories in the history of the race. They represent the use of this history, not for the usual purpose of flattering the past at the expense of the present, or the present at the expense of the past, but of illuminating the present through a knowledge of the past. They are in a high degree entertaining; and they fulfil admirably the function of education.

Mr. Van Loon has brought the same engaging, vivacious style which he developed in The Story of Mankind and The Story of the Bible, to the story of the most enlarging and civilizing conception which the race has developed. After an account of tolerance as limited among the Greeks by their concept of the city, among the Romans by that of the state, in the Middle Ages by that of the Church, and as affected by the revival of classical learning, the invention of printing and the growth of curiosity which became science, the last half of his book resolves itself into a series of essays upon leaders in the fight for tolerance, Erasmus, Montaigne, Arminius, Spinoza, Voltaire, Tom Paine, or such reactionary movements as centred in Paris, Geneva, or Massachusetts Bay. The book becomes therefore somewhat desultory in method, but the more readable through its personal interest. It is the panorama of human history, of which Mr. Van Loon is so much a master, seen from one point of view, controlled by a single theme, and animated by a pervading spirit. Mr. Van Loon writes of intolerance with tolerance. He points out that " intolerance is a manifestation of the protective instinct of the herd," that "fear is at the bottom of all intolerance," that fear as a racial inheritance still persists, and that "life, which might be a glorious adventure, is turned into a horrible experience, and all this happens because human existence so far has been entirely dominated by fear." But Mr. Van Loon sees abundant hope for the future. The race is ridiculously young. We are still in the eye of history "contemporaries of the folk that lived in caves, neolithic men with cigarettes and Ford cars, cliff-dwellers who reach their homes in an elevator." That men show an inclination tc be righteous and just when not under the influence of fear defines the problem and gives promise of its solution.

Miss Mary Agnes Best also writes history as a theme illustrated by personalities. Her theme is liberty, and her examples are drawn from the lives of the early Quakers in England and America, which she relates partly in the words of the early Quaker historians, Sewal and Besse, and partly in her own pungent and epigrammatic style. For a book of adventure one need not look farther. As she says: "Compared with the primitive Quakers, the I. W. W. in the oil fields of Oklahoma lead a sheltered and protected life. Far from being drab, their lives were lurid. They reached out toward danger as plants toward the sun." Miss Best tells the story of George Fox, the leader; of Margaret Fell, his wife; of Thomas Lurting, who from a first rate fighting man became such a pacifist that when his vessel was captured by Algerian pirates and a prize crew put aboard, he contrived to overpower them without bloodshed and at great risk sailed back to the shores of Barbary that his captors might be landed at home; of Mary Fisher, who carried the new faith to the camp of Mahomet IV; of Katherine Evans and Sarah Chevers, who on the same mission to the Turk were detained at Malta and treated with unspeakable cruelty by the Inquisition; of the Callow and Christen families, exiled from the Isle of Man by the bishop thereof and condemned to an odyssey of deportation lasting for years; of William Penn who founded his colony on principles of liberty and toleration; and Mary Dyer who was hanged on Boston Common by the magistrates and clergy of Massachusetts Bay, "as a flag for others to take example by."

Miss Best is rather more explicit than Mr. Van Loon in seeing the past in the present, and adroitly innocent in reminding us of parallels offered by our own wartime sufferers. To Margaret Fell, a gentlewoman, imprisoned for four and a half years, there came, as to Mrs. Kate Richards O'Hare, the opportunity to learn what prisons were like, and to start a movement for prison reform. George Fox, like the members of the I. W. W. in Leavenworth, confronted the question of pardon. "I would rather have lain in prison all my days, than have come out in any way dishonorable to the Truth." Whereupon the Chief Justice, Sir Matthew Hale, ordered him to be freed by proclamation. Thomas Lurting, the able and valiant sailor, became a Quaker by sympathy, knowing nothing of the war against war. In the very midst of action it suddenly came to him: "I could not kill a man if it were to gain the whole world." He and his followers thereupon defied the most sacred law of the state, and turned conscientious objectors in the face of the enemy. "He that denies to fight in time of engagement," roared the Captain, like an officer of the draft, "I will put a sword in his guts." The Quaker merely noted: "Thou wilt be a manslayer, and guilty of innocent blood." The Captain, like Secretary Baker, thought of the device of alternative service. "A great piece of charity, thou shalt be with the doctor, and when a man comes down that hath lost an arm or a leg, to hold him while the doctor cuts it off. This is not killing, but saving men's lives." But Lurting proved inflexible. "I will not do that," he declared, "for it is all assistance." Lurting also practiced the hunger strike. "Nor can I do the King's work, therefore I cannot eat the King's victuals."

The theological debates of the Quakers with their foes anticipated modern controversies. As Miss Best points out, the fundamentalists of that day, as of this, were not so much interested in such questions as, Did Mary the mother of Jesus remain a virgin? as in the right of the ecclesiastical organization to dictate belief. William Penn, arrested for attending a Quaker meeting in London, was the occasion of a classical instance of the operation of trial by jury. The jury brought in as its verdict, "Guilty of meeting in Gracious Street"; and though threatened by the judge, refused to go farther. The judge thereupon ordered the jury to be locked up without bread or water, tobacco or fire, and ultimately we find the entire jury and the Quakers whom they had refused to convict, taking counsel together in Mr. Penn's quarters in Newgate. Our wartime judges were more successful in procuring verdicts by similar methods; our juries, as in the case at Centralia, have contented themselves with affidavits to the fact that they brought in a verdict under intimidation, while the victims of such conviction remain in jail. Penn and Miles Standish offer an interesting contrast as to the conduct of foreign affairs.

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Standish believed in the preventive war. He invited the Indian chief, Wituwamut, and a group of his braves to the blockhouse to trade, and thereupon butchered them all. Penn on the contrary after his treaty with the Indians at Shackamaxon, forswore preparedness of every sort and the Quakers lived in complete amity with their neighbors. During the French and Indian wars this attitude was of course accounted disloyal by the patriots. When the deputy governor, whom Penn was forced to appoint, tried to arouse the people of Philadelphia by riding about like Paul Revere with news that the French were coming, the Quakers went calmly on with their worship. "Not a Friend of any note," wrote one of them, "but behaved as becomes our profession." All together, men, women and children illustrated the principle that liberty is in obedience to the higher law. As Margaret Fell put it: "The Cause and Controversy in this Matter, that you are all here to judge this Day, is betwixt Jesus Christ and King Charles." The juries regularly found for King Charles; but the verdict of history is for Jesus Christ and Liberty as proclaimed by the Quakers.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

Criticism by Description

American and British Literature Since 1890, by Carl Van Doren and Mark Van Doren. New York: The Century Company. 350 pages. $2.50.

The Modern English Novel, by Abel Chevalley. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 259 pages. $2.50.

THE judgment that went into the preparation of American and British Literature Since 1890—which includes Irish literature in English—is evident, among other ways, in its moderation of design, and its complete execution. Carefully introduced by the authors as a manual, cleared of "non-essentials," an "untechnical exposition," for schools and for general readers who are "neither proficient in the subject nor unconcerned with it," the book makes no formal attempt to go beyond the study of the individual as a force, to trace or measure, for instance, the general movements of mind, on which literature is conditioned. The effectiveness of the volume derives simply from what might be called sound descriptive criticism.

The authors have performed the serious task of judgment with continence of superlatives, with noiseless but firm suppression of the insignificant, and with all reasonable certitude. As their consideration, however, is of individuals, and not general ideas, so their expository method is by exhibition, not classification or rationale. This method, in which they excel, consists in characterization of the individual artist's force and quality, as seen in his work. Such characterization is supplemented with biographic data, and with considered estimates as to durability of reputations. When joined, mainly end to end, these definite individual studies make the book. It is a collection, not a sequence; and absence of all but the most elementary classification raises the thought that classification is perhaps one of the non-essentials which they have put aside. The decision appears greatly to have contributed to simplicity, for the discourse is admirably leveled at its audience.

Yet explicitly as the plan is made, and individualized as the performance is thereunder, the book appears not entirely to escape raising the questions which it evidently did not set out to answer. The firmness of critical description here manifested seems to indicate that we are coming to have both points of departure and perspectives in which we may place some trust, and that it is becoming appropriate, regarding this literature, to institute estimation and description of other things than the force of individuals. Perhaps this is not work for school manuals; yet the writing of them points to the importance of a more synthetic criticism; for as they become more and more well written—and this one is well written—they rest less and less in studies of individuals. In broad fields the critical process—which is an important aspect, in simply the process of understanding—passes inevitably and materially into the search for correlated as well as individual significance. By the mere necessity for the most understanding judgment, the authors of this book, or any such well composed book, find themselves perforce contributing to the foundations of a criticism which their antecedent plan probably did not contemplate.

Perhaps because M. Chevalley goes farther than the Messrs. Van Doren toward an answer, his treatise on the modern English novel suggests the same questions. True, it also is chiefly a criticism descriptive of individual forces. M. Chevalley writes to "make known, not to classify." Yet he thriftily uses classification; dropping, en route, more than a hint of its value in general inquiries. He shows concern with the more forcible general criticism, and the intent to seize and correlate the covert and scattered general significance of his subject. The modern English novel, despite what he calls its numerous "variations by explosion," is, of course, a more tractable subject than three large literatures, covering a thirty-five year period. But allowing for this, the fact is still evident that the intent of M. Chevalley goes farther in general critical directions than that of the critics just discussed.

This criticism by description is far from the old authoritarian criticism of famous memory; and it excels in what it sets out to do. It reminds us, however, that outside the consideration of the individual, twentieth century criticism has far to go in understanding, and that it might with profit soon be on its way. The attempt at broad and general conclusions is no doubt attended with difficulties and perils, but will criticism go far beyond mere belles lettres if it does not endure such things?

CHARLES TRUEBLOOD.

History and an Antidote

History of the United States, by Edward Channing. Vol. VI. New York: The Macmillan Company. 645 pages. $4.75.

Political and Social History of the United States, by Homer C. Hockett and Arthur Meier Schlesinger. New York: The Macmillan Company. Two vols. 1014 pages. $6.

The Growth of the United States, by Ralph Volney Harlow. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 862 pages. $5.

In Praise of Folly, by Erasmus. Edited by Horace Bridges. Chicago: Pascal Covici. 208 pages. $7.50.

THE autumn grist of books for historical teachers is small, but in many ways significant. Four professors, all of them men of talents and subdued to the doctoral discipline, attack the thorny problem of portraying phases of the American scene. They do nothing rash; they do not join Henry Adams, James Harvey Robinson, and Clarence W. Alvord in the business of blowing up the old political works; but they betray currents of thought and emphasis which will make a big angle in doctrine fifty years from

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now. The oldest and most experienced of them, Professor Channing, full of years and honors, continues his monumental history of the United States, covering the eventful period between 1850 and 1865 in a volume of 645 pages, bearing the title The War for Southern Independence. The Great Compromise, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Bleeding Kansas, the election of 1860, secession, battles, emancipation, and crisis—all are here, ordered, joined, cemented, and sealed. The dissertations of scholars, the buried articles of specialists, and the upturnings of local historians have all been raked over, sifted, and examined in the cool light of a trained mind. Extreme statements are avoided; a judicial atmosphere pervades these pages. Those who want to know what doctors of philosophy think about the events and characters of the period must read this volume.

What thesis, if any—what philosophy of values, what notion of worth and worthiness—has determined the things that are set down and those that are left out? The clue cannot be discovered by the present reviewer after days of study. Why does Professor Channing give wide spaces in his previous volume to social and literary materials and ignore them in this? What momentous events in the history of the American intellect occurred during this span of years! Emerson was busy shattering old national and theological mythology. The New York Times was starting on its way. Lowell, Washington Irving, Holmes, Longfellow, Thoreau, and Whitman were busy—some were shooting the political circus-tent full of holes and full of light. American social thinking was quick with new leaven. Professor Channing passes all these things by without a friendly gesture. Why discuss social and literary phenomena in one volume and leave them out of another? Concerning the themes considered worthy of these pages questions may also be raised. The Dred Scott case, for example, gets ten pages; but why should Lincoln's tamest (instead of his hottest) comment on it be quoted and Seward's attack on Buchanan and Taney as conspirators receive no treatment comparable to the uproar it made in 1858? Again, what Channing says about Perry's visit to Japan is correct enough, but an entirely different story (also correct) could be told in the same compass. The world is full of a number of things and our author has put several of them together. That is his right.

This is not saying that he takes them all at face value. On the contrary, he does nothing of the sort. He says of the Supreme Court that "up to 1857, it had consisted of amiable, learned, and elderly gentlemen—for the most part—all of them expert in the art of rationalizing the needs of the passing hour." That is shocking—from a Harvard professor. We may ask with Professor Veblen: "Whose needs?" Channing also blows a chilling blast on the "Republican idealism of 1860." He flatly tells us that " a very large part of the support of the Republican party came from persons who had no scruples of conscience, but had a great desire to hold public office, and presumably the number of out and out abolitionists who voted for Lincoln was small. The rest of the Lincoln voters were those who wished a change in the economic policy of the federal government." Correct no doubt, but painful to the friends of the strong and silent President from Massachusetts. In fact, Professor Channing finds the irrepressible conflict at bottom a clash of two opposing economic orders based on different labor systems (p. 3). If this analysis is right, and it seems to be right, then why a book telling in the main the traditional tale? The reviewer surrenders. Professor Channing's style is well fitted to his story, though there are many strange sentences scattered through his pages. Here is one: "From that day [Davis's inauguration day] to the end, more than four years later, neither Lincoln nor Davis could give way, and the Confederacy demised by the action of military men and the capture and incarceration of the Southern Chief Magistrate." It is not probable that any right thinkers will approve this book, the Daughters of the Confederacy least of all. Doubtless that tribute will be paid to its excellence.

For those who have not the courage to tackle a huge pile such as Professor Channing is amassing, Professors Hockett and Schlesinger have provided an excellent two volume history of the United States, bearing the sub-title "social and political." Mr. Hockett, who covers the early period, sticks rather close to the ancient political story, corrected to date, varied by occasional excursions into economics and common living. Mr. Schlesinger makes more bold and gives a larger proportion of his space to social reform and humanitarian strivings, but he works no revolution in the prevailing historical mode. Having done pioneering work in special fields and wrought freely in their home domain, these keen and able scholars seem to shrink from applying the deadly Socratic elenchus to the moldering collection of rubbish accumulated in our college books. The bold outline of the great national myth still stands unimpaired, waiting on time.

The conventional account of our creation suffers no material damage from Professor Harlow's big, fat history. It is true that the author departs somewhat from academic solemnity and skips and jumps rather joyously down through seventy-one short chapters scattering jokes and roses with an open hand; it is true that he sometimes gives a kick at some of the accepted yarns of the great epic; but he lays no violent hands on the leavings of earlier thaumaturgists.

Will any college student, ground through these books, cheerfully swallow bait, hook, line, sinker, and pole an inspired "it-is-said-on-good authority" statement emitted by the State department or by the next grand committee on public mystification? That would be an interesting test. Perhaps any change in that respect would be undesirable—if William James's chapter on habit is sound.

The case of the teacher engaged in imparting American history to impatient youths is made more difficult by the lack of excellent antidotes to current use and wont, to be introduced surreptitiously as materials illustrating the firm lines of the businesslike manual. His colleagues in the European field are more fortunate. Juvenal, Erasmus, Swift, Anatole France and a noble band of suspects have sat amused on the side-lines and made irreverent remarks on the doings of the chief actors in Old World drama. The American people like that sort of thing—except on July 4. A new edition of the immortal Praise of Folly by Erasmus, printed in Chicago, introduced by Horace Bridges, and illustrated by Holbein, Angarola, and Gene Markey, bears witness to the perennial interest of Americans in the truth revealed by the makers of fun. Mr. Bridges, in a preface in praise of Erasmus, preaches toleration with a fine passion. Mr. Angarola impressively sets forth in black and white his conception of the players in the farce described by Erasmus, and Mr. Markey with rare talent and humor portrays their modern counterparts. Probably the heathen will rage, but anyone interested in European or American civilization will welcome this bizarre edition from the city of Eugene Field and Carl Sandburg. It certainly could be used with good effect in a solemn course on Martin Luther, Henry VIII, and Clement VII. And yet it must be remembered that Erasmus was a professor of a kind.

CHARLES A. BEARD.

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The Children's Cargo

WHAT could be more "perfectly grand" than to press one's eight year old nose against the window of a modern book shop and gaze at the treasures from the publishers' holds? Small matter if China or India, Norway or even the boundaries of America seem far distant and mysterious—the book ships ply steadily, earnestly, bringing in their cargo for the children.

And what a cargo! Beside it the chapbooks, those moral tales from the past seem unreal, unfair. The children's book shelf of today is like a glowing fairy tale come true—a fairy tale in which the mystic number three—author, artist, printer—has been invoked to bring about the happy ending. Not that the ending is always a happy one, for one still sees, at the bottom of the holds, bale upon bale of futile, if innocuous stuffs produced singly and in series. But though such ballast may be weighed and found wanting, the treasure becomes increasingly evident. Perhaps one reason for the worth of the cargo is that the poets are helping to fashion it. Ships of yesteryear brought the unforgettable tales of Carl Sandburg, of Padraic Colum, along with the verses of Walter de la Mare and A. A. Milne. Now one sees horizonward, not yet come to port, the ship bearing Walter de la Mare's Broomsticks and Other Stories (Knopf), preceded by Mr. Milne's Gallery of Children (McKay), written around the pictures of Willebeek Le Mair—though in this, as in Made-to-Order Stories by Dorothy Canfield (Harcourt, Brace), one is left wishing the stories had not sprung into being by request.

In the same boat with Mrs. Canfield's book, and sharing with it the infectious quality of gaiety, is a volume of Swiss stories The Fat of the Cat (Harcourt, Brace), originally fashioned by Gottfried Keller, clothed anew by Louis Untermeyer. Some measure of the fascination of China is mirrored in Shen of the Sea by Arthur Bowie Chrisman (Dutton), and The Rabbit Lantern by Dorothy Rowe (Macmillan). Myths from the ancient Greeks are reproduced by W. M. L. Hutchinson in The Golden Porch (Longmans, Green); Padraic Colum portrays with his own poetic skill legends of the four elements—fire, water, earth and air—in The Forge in the Forest (Macmillan) illustrated by Boris Artzybasheff; and doubles his share in the treasure with legends of Atlantic discovery in The Voyagers (Macmillan); while from the American Indians come Navaho Tales by William Whitman 3rd (Houghton Mifflin) and Chi-Weé by Grace Moon (Doubleday Page).

Ont from the port of make-believe another ship comes sailing, weighed down almost to the water's edge with fairy tales new and old, with adventures of dolls and dogs and children. The most hurried of glances reveals The Happy Dragon by A. Thatcher and C. J. Hogarth (Brentano's) reclining against The Pedlar's Pack by Mrs. Alfred Baldwin (Stokes), the adventurous wooden dog Poor Cecco (Doran) pictured in words by Margery Williams Bianco and in drawings by Arthur Rackham, with The Little Lost Pigs by Helen Fuller Orton (Stokes), Eva March Tappan's The Little Lady in Green (Houghton Mifflin), and Doctor Doolittle's Zoo as shown by Hugh Lofting (Stokes) as fellow travelers, along with E. V. Lucas's rhythmical Playtime and Company (Doran). Among the adventures mapped out for the younger-than-grown-ups are Ethel Cook Eliot's histrionic Fireweed (Doubleday Page), Rain on the Roof by Cornelia Meigs (Macmillan), and two Century volumes, Trail's End by Beth B. Gilchrist and Beloved Acres by John H. Hamlin.

Stored away in the hold is The Flying Carpet (Scribners), fashioned by a group of famous writers, who, it must be confessed, have not always selected their choicest materials for its weaving; and in the corner reserved for nature stories flourishes The Frightened Tree by Veryl Broughton Tuttle (Frank-Maurice). Doubtless the ship's orchestra will render The King's Breakfast by A. A. Milne (Dutton) and The Musical Tree by Sarah Stilwell Weber (Penn) when not engaged, under the competent direction of Ernest La Prade in guiding Alice in Orchestralia (Doubleday Page).

Manned by the children themselves, the tiniest ship of all carries but three passengers—David Goes Voyaging by David Binney Putnam (Putnam), Lava Lane by Nathalia Crane (Seltzer), and the Little Wooden Doll (Macmillan) illustrated by Pamela Bianco for the author her mother. A small ship, but a promising one, if its crew of child authors and artists would join their talents in fashioning lodestars for the ships that follow after. For only from the children themselves can the artists and the writers and the poets who make their books gain the insight to enrich the cargo.

CONSTANCE NAAR.

Novels of Today

Closed All Night, by Paul Morand. New York: Thomas Seltzer. $2.

"BRILLIANT" is the useful, though meaningless word which rises to mind as one thinks of Paul Morand. "Brilliancy" makes little distinction between paste and diamond. And by itself the word cannot begin to describe something at once as hard as the genuine article and as palpably, boastfully artificial as paste. Morand hangs somewhere between literature and journalism, in that limbo where notebook observation and creative synthesis work side by side, not fused together. He is a magnificent journalist, with an insatiable eye plundering Europe for acid incident and curious detail, of which he has accumulated such prodigious quantities that he has more than he can use, though he uses all of it. His chief vantage point is express trains, by long practice through the windows of which he has trained himself to catch places and characters on the wing. The stories in Fermé la Nuit, while not so well turned or human as those in Ouvert la Nuit, exhibit the full extent of his talent for the unusual, whether in people, incident or language. He cannot live without the unusual—upon normal ground he never recovers his sea legs, and seems a rather tired journalist, a little sentimental and strangely lacking in imagination. But in this volume his hard, restless, unpleasant but enviable talent is at its best.

Fraülein Else, by Arthur Schnitzler. New York: Simon and Schuster. $1.50.

FRAULEIN ELSE is at once an extremely difficult technical tour de force and an exciting, often moving story. The method Schnitzler has chosen adds to the excitement. We are told the story and learn everything from what crosses Else's mind at the moment that things happen to her. When other characters speak to her, the italics of their words intrude upon her own secret monologue, and, being set in the intimate frame of her silent

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comment, have more weight than if we heard them with our own ears. But the author's interest never strays from telling the story, and his method is not to be confused with what one might call a Joycean curiosity for the whole flitting contents of Else's mind. While we seem to be overhearing all that Else says to herself, obviously she said a lot more, but Schnitzler has selected only what will keep the story moving and give us the feeling of being imprisoned inside her head. A very lively place, that little head. If we were outside it, what would we be thinking? Else would not seem so charming, for one thing, nor the melancholy of her story so breathless.

Runaway, by Floyd Dell. New York: George H. Doran and Company. $2.

MR. FLOYD DELL'S novel, we are sorry to say, is far from a runaway. It will never be stopped in full gallop by a brave policeman. It proceeds, on the contrary, at something less than a walk, with strong tendencies to sit down, permanently if possible. But Mr. Dell does not allow this to happen, so he gives the story another kick, not a very hearty one, and on we go. By reputation and previous performance we know the author to be an intelligent man, and a sensitive one. How, with these qualities we have just given him, he could have gone on consuming, as authors must, his own mild tasteless concoction we cannot understand. There is hardly any substance to the book. Watery discourse, unconvincing incident, and flat people, like cold pancakes never cooked, or ever more than faintly browned in the oven of imagination. Will somebody please relight Mr. Dell's oven?

The Outcast, by Luigi Pirandello. Translated by Leo Ongly. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

SEVERAL characters in this novel are obviously in want of an author. Their want is not so severe as to press them to the point of actual search, but obviously they need attention. They need someone to fill in all kinds of chinks of improbability, all sorts of little gaps and blank spaces which are the result of a discrepancy between the author's interest in his situation and his supply of the character to give it validity. But there is enough human warmth to go round, and the book, whose inhabitants are still in the incomplete incubator stage in their author's imagination, has a pleasant temperature. Another perfectly readable book which is remarkable for no other quality. We expected from Signor Pirandello either sharper or more nourishing fare.

The Unhurrying Chase, by H. F. M. Prescott. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.

HERE we have the utmost that industry and concentrated imagination can do to bring back France in the twelfth century. Evidently every date, place, name, all the properties and customs, have been faithfully looked up, and in the writing of the romance no violence was done to truth. The story, in detail, is not a pretty one, for France at that time—and indeed all Europe—was a dark and cruel battleground for feudal greeds and ambitions. The language also harks back with many a troth and wot and thee. But somehow the whole thing doesn't come off. The total effect is of more pains than pleasure in the writing. The author's imagination, perhaps weighed down by too much historical accuracy, simply will not leave the ground. It bumps along painstakingly, in the air for a second or two, then bump again on to an antique, a piece of furniture or more often, a thee or a wot or a troth.

December the Fourteenth, by Dmitri Merezhkovsky. New York: International Publishers. $2.

IN December 1825, at the accession of the first Nicholas, a secret society of Russian nobles and officers tried to overthrow the monarchy. Ill organized and indecisive, their rebellion, which with one firm hand might easily have been successful, collapsed pitifully, and the conspirators were hanged, jailed, exiled. Merezhkovsky, with apparently complete faithfulness to what is recorded of the revolt, penetrates the inmost hearts of its chief figures, and presents us with a living gallery of quite extraordinary people. When the conspirators are thinking, arguing, suffering, waiting for death, they are poignantly true. When he describes them in the square on the fateful day of action, at the head of the mutinous regiments, all this reality has vanished, and men and faces are frozen as in a dream. This may be an accident, but at all events, willingly or unwillingly, Merezhkovsky has succeeded in drawing a most excruciating contrast between the intense reality of mental conflict and the remoteness of physical action. His portrait of the Emperor Nicholas is one of the clearest reconstructions of the kind ever made, at once terrifying, hateful and sympathetic.

ROBERT LITTELL.

Art of Frank Brangwyn

The Decorative Art of Frank Brangwyn: A Study of the Problems of Decoration, by Herbert Furst. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 229 pages; 33 reproductions in color; 150 in monochrome. $20.

FRANK BRANGWYN'S art is the kind English-speaking people understand and seem to like; it has the great appearance of robustness and energy, and at times it achieves decorative interest without demanding more than a casual æsthetic appreciation. Brangwyn, it is interesting to learn, got an original inspiration from William Morris, and in a sense may be looked upon as carrying on the Morris-Crane tradition. He is copious, virile, and unafraid of his age; and in everything is an honest craftsman, who gives full measure. I cannot get over the feeling that his painting has only an accessory value: his real forte is furniture making, and perhaps architecture. Except for the fact that by its bulk and richness of illustration this book tends to magnify the importance of Brangwyn's art, it is an honorable piece of work.

L. M.

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